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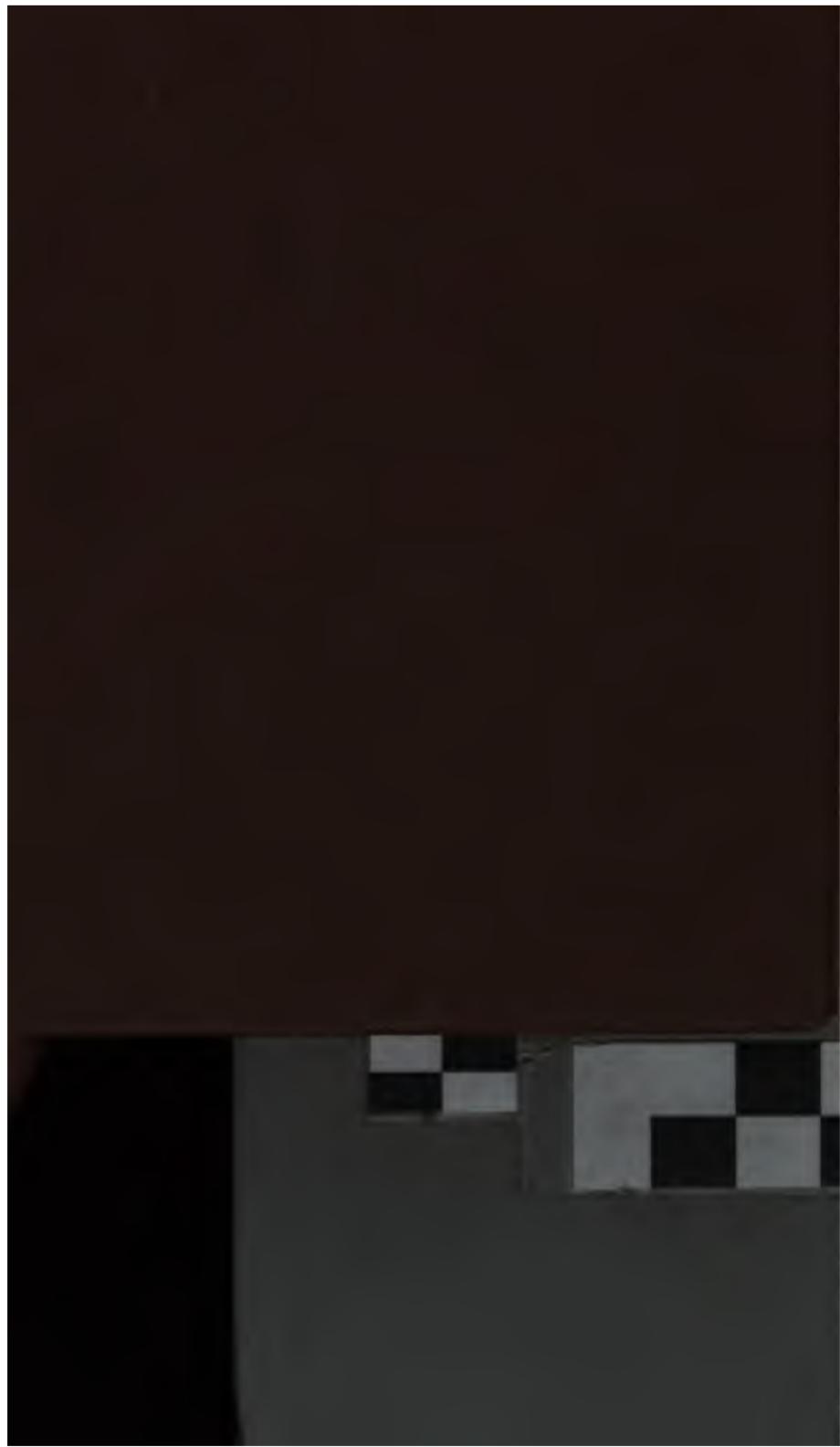
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Mr. Elija Johnson
from me my attached note
the 16th instant

Duchy of Bremen





and the child's language development. The results of this study are presented in the following sections.

Methodology. The data for this study were collected from 100 children, 50 boys and 50 girls, aged 3 to 6 years.

The children were selected from the following groups: (a) children of parents who had completed primary school, (b) children of parents who had completed secondary school, and (c) children of parents who had completed tertiary education.

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RESULTS AND DISCUSSION

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TO THOSE
FORMERLY MY PUPILS,

WHOSE GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP, SOCIAL SYMPATHY, AND
CONSTANT ATTACHMENT HAVE BEEN A
HEART SOLACE,

This Humble Volume is Dedicated,
WITH THE GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD OF
ITS AUTHOR.



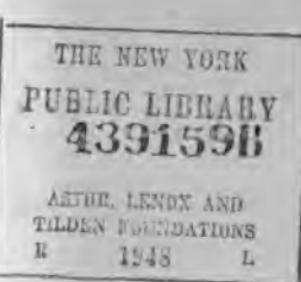
GATHERED LEAVES,

BY

MRS. MARY A. SPOONER.

NEW-YORK:
Published for the Author, by
G. P. PUTNAM, 145 BROADWAY.

1818.



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gress, in the year 1848,

In the Clerk's Offi

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a District of New-York.

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P R E F A C E .

Understanding, courteous Public, a preface to be indispensable, either as an introduction, or as explanatory or apologetic of a work presented to your observation, permit me, from the "loop-hole of retirement," to greet you—and by a trifling egotism, (pardonable I hope, as we are so slightly acquainted) to propitiate your favorable regard.

The book is simply what its title implies—" *Gathered Leaves*"—not flowers—not selected. They are nearly all here—crude, ill-fashioned, fragmentary or discolored. Indeed, so much within the sombre shadow of grief has the tree of my life expanded, that comparatively little of its foliage has been tinged with the sunny light of joy. Many of its leaves have been crushed in their bud, while some have been scattered to the winds;

and of those preserved, perhaps few may be worthy of so careful treasuring.

But, to drop the figure, these productions of a quarter of a century, or more, come before you with diffidence, at the solicitation of some of those to whom they are addressed, and through the generous approval of one of our most esteemed Poets, though for exemption, if necessary, I would add, that but few of the pieces were submitted to his capable judgment. Not having tested public opinion, as few of them have strayed into print, or even met the partial eye of friendship, I may be excused for some anxiety with regard to their general reception.

Hastily composed at the call of some pressing emotion, to beguile the tediousness of wakeful night, the weariness of pain, or languor of sickness, they may fail to interest those happily exempted from such companionship, though they will not entirely lose their desired fruition, if so fortunate as to sooth or cheer one solitary or suffering heart. Their character, too, is so individual or private, as almost to deter, except at request, from publication: hence, also, the necessity, tho' peculiarly awkward, of introductory explanations.

With a few exceptions the articles have been arranged consecutively, only so disposing as to make variety—perhaps not the happiest collation.

There also exists a slight apprehension lest a shade of wounded feeling might glance over the hearts of some, tenderly beloved, at not finding themselves as others, individually addressed. To such I would say, that some of the dearest friendships of my life have not been named, nor its most touching incidents recorded. One has told us of “unwritten music”—who shall give us the world of unwritten poetry?

“Deep sink the waters that are calm and still.”

Without benefit of superior supervision, under circumstances if known, probably excusatory of all defects, this stranger volume now stands before you, trembl'ing, “with all its imperfections on its head;” yet with a thrilling hope, that as it is in some degree a transcript of beloved *nature*, it may be welcome to your heart. While within the broad shield of that *partial love* that called it forth, its author instinctively shrinks from the piercing shafts of even judicious criticism.



GATHERED LEAVES.



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TO MY FORMER PUPILS

After returning from a visit to Brooklyn, in 1838, where
I had experienced the warmth and constancy
of their attachment.

Yes, cherished friends, I've been with you,
And home, a charm I bring,
To cheer the weary foot of time,
When pain is on his wing.

I've been with you my heart's long loved,
Beheld each smiling face,
And marked the various changes, time
Doth ever certain trace.

Yet, I recal the happy hours,
When beautiful and bright,
Each morning, as the op'ning flowers,
Restored you to my sight.

No cloud upon your youthful brows,
No cares—a heavy weight—
But joy, and peace, and blissful hope,
On each sweet visage sate.

As round the silent room I've gazed,
Oft has the sigh arose,
To think that ~~your's~~ was woman's fate,
And ah ! with it her woes.

And I have lived to see a change,
In each bright spirit there ;
Love, woman's choice and destiny,
As Marah's waters are.

Some, gentle of the gentlest, found,
Have drank its bitter wave,
And early draught of widowhood
Attached them to the grave.

Their babes, late born, in sorrow given,
How have they touched the heart !
Pledges of love—to those in heaven,
Union, death failed to part.

And some have felt a mother's pangs,
And not a mother's joy,
But, born to die, its doom quick met,
Beheld their first born boy.

And others, as they sadly gazed
 Upon their cherished pride,
 The gloom of death has swiftly swept,
 And swept them from their side. *

While disappointment's cruel blight,
 Has paled the rose of love,
 And some, with stuns of joy and light,
 Have mourned, sad as the dove.

And some have shared the Orphan's fate,
 And some the couch of pain,
 'Till grace of motion, once their gift,
 Might never charm again. *

|| But two, so bright, so beautiful,
 So guileless and sincere,
 Have passed to Heaven, and ay for them
 Will rise the sorrowing tomb.

Life's opening joys, so calm delighted,
 God's trial meek received,
 The skeptic, by their dying love,
 Had sought the faith believed.

And one—that flow'ret wonderful,
 Exotic, rare on earth,
 Whose genius early bursting forth,
 Revealed its higher birth—

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TO MY FORMER PUPILS.

Has passed away, like some bright dream,
Or vision of delight,
Whose image ling'ring long behind,
Illumes the mental sight !

Oft shall the thought of thee, bright child,
Wake feeling's tenderest chord,
Whose presence was a pure delight,
Whose spirit praised the Lord.

And, bless ye all, ye have my love,
Both living and the dead ;
Grace for the first I earnest pray,
Who still life's valley tread.

And praise for those have happy passed,
Death's gloomy shadow through,
Who in their quiet beds calm rest,
With spirits safe as true !

Their forms, bright angels hov'ring near,
Invisible to sense,
Oft minister of good to us,
Oft waive dire evil hence !

LINEs

WRITTEN IN THE AGE OF FRIENDS; TO A FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE

Dear Rebecca, may'st thou prove,
The pure joys of wedded love;
Meet with happiness each hour,
Nor forget sweet friendship's power.

Soon may thy tender heart o'know,
And all a parent's transport know;
Soon a smiling cherub boy,
Secure true bliss without alloy.

But when of all these joys possesst,
Do not root me from thy breast,
Nor, loved girl, forget the while
The soft power of friendship's smile!

2*

VALENTINE,

Written in sport, at the age of Sixteen, for a Friend who
Brother was loth to be thought partial to the Ladies.

A C R O S T I C.

Johnnie, though I love you, dear,
Own it not at any time,
Howe'er I've made my love appear,
Never show this valentine!

Sure as e'er in February
Heaves a heart sincere as mine,
All those who love with fervency,
Can thus declare by valentine.
Know then, that ne'er before
Ere this, did my heart breathe in rhyme,
Robb'd of all peace, and wishing more,
Led me to write this valentine.

You'll know by this that I love thee,
'Sure as my names end in Y. N. E.

VALENTINE.

New York, 1812.

Oh ! days of my youth, when bright frolic and fun
Their mantle cast o'er me, how swift did ye run !

LINES

Addressed to my young friend H. L. C^{ooper}., who expressed a desire to see some of my writings.)

A wish you expressed, my young friend, to peruse
Some thought of my fancy, or whim of my Muse,
So stealing a link from the trammels of time,
I'll weave, if I may, some few words into rhyme.

They may please, or ^{they} may not, as humor may sit,
For on wit, or on sense, I can't promise to hit—
My Muse is so wayward—I well know her sway—
She often just wooes me, and then flies away.

She comes, when with cares and with sorrows opprest—
When nature, exhausted, would fain sink to rest;
She spreads o'er the night-hour her magical light,
Then speeds, with the dawn, her invisible flight.

Then rhyme's not her hobby, she's wild and is queer,
And what I would have her will seldom appear.
Not brooking constraint, she will have her own way,
And compel every thought to her absolute sway.

But methinks, you already cry : " What's this to me ?
Your Muse, you've described her, her efforts I'd see !"
But soft, she may cheat you, for oft 'tis her cheer
To raise up the full sigh, and bear off the tear..

You've attracted her notice, a thought you will gain,
Which pleasure embracing is still mixed with pain,
For she, who Life's trials and sorrows well knows,
Still wishes thee happy, while time's current flows.

That stream you have entered, and bounding, and light,
Thy gallant trimmed vessel, how fair to the sight !
Hope's rainbowy tints all the landscape illumes,
And reflecting her hues every object assumes.

Life's stream you have entered !—a stream which no more
Bears the voyager back, who has launched from the shore,
'Tis a current sets onward, how swift you will find,
When the rose-tints of youth are far fading behind.

As on it swift hastens, oh safe may you glide,
Though vales of false pleasure allure thee aside ;
You've a Pilot to guide and a chart for the way,
And the promise of pleasures that never decay.

Then seek not to linger near shores that beguile,
But speed thy course onward,—be voyager awhile,
And the prospects of bliss that deceive by the way,
Unfading shall bloom, through Eternity's day.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MISS T. P*****T.

Suggested by the reply of her Mother, who when the writer observed that "She was a lovely flower," answered,
"Yes—and lent but for a season."

Yes, thou wast lent, sweet plant of early promise,
Lent, to cheer thy home of friends. In solitude
To raise thy beauteous form, graced with such verdant
leaves,
And buds of so much promise, and such beauty,
Whose grateful fragrance, spread around, ravished
The hearts of those who reared, and won from all
The thought, how delicately fair, how lovely !

But ah ! soon pierced by Death, the cruel spoiler,
Soon thy slender stem, with all its graces
Felt the deadly wound—and ah, too soon,

The eye that with delight had trained thy opening buds,
Beheld thee withering droop—and now, the spot
Where late thou bloomed, how lonely!

Yes, thou wert *lent*,
And what a comment on thy life, sweet maid,
That in the hour, when on the wings of thy departure,
When o'er the beauty of thy mortal form,
Disease had triumphed, and on that lovely face
Stern death stood ready t'impress his passport—
She who bare thee, she who trained each op'ning thought
to virtue,
Could from her heart, while nature felt the pang,
Loosen each tie save that which seraphs bind.

Yes, in that hour that thou were *lent*, mild Faith
Impressed upon her anguished heart, and with
Supporting arm and cheering aspect, bade her *trace*
Thy upward flight to Him whose gift thou wert—
To him the Eternal, and welcomed there
Bright maid, how happy art thou!

A SCRAP

Penciled one Summer's Morning, in 1823, on the "HEIGHTS,"
when that surpassingly beautiful promenade was open
to the Public. Would that the wealth, taste
and philanthropy of Brooklyn might
even yet restore it.

O'er this bright scene,
From darkness and oblivious sleep recalled,
Morn sheds renewing life, with sights and sounds
Delightful ! Fresh green salutes the eye,
And clouds that lingering grateful, hide *softened*
The Sun's effulgence. As if it conscious felt
The power of heat, which threatens, the river
Sluggish moves, and o'er its waters sweetly bears
The hum of yonder city's mingled toil,
By distance tuned to harmony. Mellowed
By morning's mist that City too seems fair,
And rests upon the river's placid breast,
Like some far isle of beauty and repose ;
Nor could you deem in the soft smiling ray,
That sin, disease, and sorrow harboured there !

AFTER READING IVANHOE.

This fragment is the morning relic of a vision, too beautiful to be adequately described. It pictured the Jewess Rebecca, 'my belle ideal,' after a day devoted to the happiness of others, seeking, during the silence of midnight, the solitude of the beach, where, amid the SYMPATHIES OF NATURE—her only earthly solace,—she might hold communion with her God, but the glorious picture of hovering angels, clad in celestial beauty, and vying with immortal tenderness to soothe and cheer her struggling spirit,—was merged in the oblivion of sleep—the sweet impression alone remaining to dispose me to regard this insignificant scrap with peculiar partiality.

Ah ! who is it approaches, mild as the surrounding scene,
Calm as this hour of stillness ? Cold on thy wan cheek
Falls the night tear. Maiden of sorrow ! ah, let it cease.
Here art thou queen, and sympathy greets thee.
The crescent moon, retiring with virgin grace,
Casts her pale ray o'er thee, the last and the loveliest.

The stars from their blue chambers throng to o'er shadow thee.—

The wind on her lone passage, kisses thy pale forehead,
And lifts thy dark locks endearing, while at thy feet
The far-borne wave resigns its bright tribute,
And with plaintive love pours on thy rapt ear
Strains soothing sweet to lull thy bruised spirit !

L I N E S

To accompany a Picture of a Sleeping Cupid, painted for a
Bachelor, but never presented.

Ah ! can he dream of thee
Who so oft hast slighted
All his winning rosy smiles—
His blooming prospects blighted ?

Yet, may he dream of thee,
And make thy breast his pillow,
And smooth life's troublous sea,
And gild its latest billow.

In the progress of life, I am happy to say, the "wish" was
realised.

PARAPHRASE

Composed at night, during Advent, 1826.

Sweet slept the Babe of Judah,
To human view displayed,
The brightness of the Father
In infancy arrayed!

No mighty power exerting,
See! patient where he lies;
No royal claims asserting,
Though Heaven in homage vies.

A few there were who sought him,
Led by the guiding star,
And gold, frankincense, bearing,
Announced him King, from far.

PARAPHRASE.

Jerusalem attaining,
His advent they declared ;
But ah ! how few to greet him,
Their hearts had then prepared.

Jerusalem was troubled ;
The haughty Herod feared,
And of the wise men, questioned
What time the star appeared.

When, false professing worship,
He bade them seek the child
In Bethlehem's pleasant border,
Which prophecy had styled

Not least among the princes
Of Judah's sceptred sway,
Whence the King—the Governor,
Whom Israel should obey.

Lo ! guiding them yet onward,
The star before them went ;
Nor paused, till o'er the lovely one
To whom they had been sent.

Where, struck with reverence holy,
The Eastern sages bowed ;
The mystic Babe of heaven,
They worshipped then aloud.

And, glad their gifts presenting,
Rejoiced that day, to see
God's Gift of Love, incarnate—
The end of prophecy !

Home, then returned rejoicing,
By dreams directed there,
Nor to the faithless Herod
Declared the tidings, where

The "Hope of Israel" rested,
The "Prince of Peace" abode—
The "Wonderful"—the "Counsellor"—
The "Everlasting God!"

* * * * *

Sweet slept the Babe of Judah,
With angel guard around !
Though habitation ruder
Such heavenly guest ne'er found.

Beside, the Virgin Mother
Saint like, with sweet peace smiled,
Gabriel's glad hail announcing,
The Saviour in her Child.

And, many a cherub infant,
Of Martyr-destined birth,
In lovely peace lay sleeping,
With visions not of earth.

Ah ! had the cruel Herod,
Beheld their rosy sleep,
So innocent, confiding,
Each soft and pillow'd cheek,—

Upon the one loved bosom,
Its fountain and its rest,—
O'erbreathed by sweetest perfume,
By dimpling fingers pressed,—

He sure had spared these flow'rets,
On life's soon-withering tree,
And Pity's fount, high rising,
Ambition's, ceased to be.

But, sudden, treach'rous, cruel,
On Judah's peaceful plain,
The mandate stern, descended,
" Thy children must be slain."

Ah ! sleeps the holy mother,
Nor hears the dying groans—
Hears Israel's shrieks of horror,
" Oh ! spare my little ones" !

Nay, far away to Egypt,
The parent pair are fled,
To save the destined Saviour,
By night, they quickly sped.

There, prophecy fulfilling,
The angel bade remain,
'Till God, his heavenly Father,
Should call him thence again.

But oh ! what voice in Rama,
What lamentation sore ;
The plaintive Rachel weeping,
Her children are no more.

As, where the scythe has passed,
O'er flowers of breath and bloom,
The dews of night descending,
Lament their early doom,—

So, every Jewish mother
Wept o'er her murdered child,
In death, more fond embracing,
Than when with life it smiled.

Oh ! deed, most piteous, cruel,
And never yet surpassed,
Save when beneath man's fury
The Blessed sank at last !

But short, O Death's thy triumph
O'er souls thus fair and bright ;
Emancipate, their spirits
Regained the realms of light.

PARAPHRASE.

Whose portals glad unfolding,
Received the blissful train,
Earth's wearying bounds escaped,
A martyr's crown to gain.

While she, the gentle mother,
So lonely in her rest,
Young children gathered to her,
Shall guard the loved acquest.

Till life's loud signal given,
With animated spring,
All clothed in fadeless beauty,
They'll hail their *Saviour King*.



A COMPARISON.

Written at Colchester, Conn., on a sunset evening, in August,
1827, while languishing under ill-health.

Apt emblem of my life, an evening cloud,
One moment decked by days all dazzling orb,
Too beautiful to last, then merged in gloom,
Nor Earth can lend one hue-reviving ray,
To glad her changeful child of transient date:
Alone, above, remain the springs of light.
Nor sinks the cloud, though faded into gloom,
And changed the scene, irradiate but late
With hues delighted seraphs picture forth
Of heavenly bliss, to cold, unheeding man;
Who, nor regards the brilliant transcript
Or its blessed aim, of heaven assuring.
Such change the cloud sustains, faint type of death,
For far remote, above this dark'ning scene,
The radiant spheres of night, reflect his smile,

Assuring that he lives, and lives to bless.
Ah ! well it then may linger through night's hour,
Night's tearful hour, and struggling through the gloom.
Hold with the mourning world, an interest deep.
A dawn shall spring, to usher his return,
A dawn, with day's fair colors opening wide ;
And glorious rising to his waiting train,
His glance of love absorb them into light !

Thus life's hues faded in my early day,
My life a night, but wished-for morn will come,
And He, the Son of Righteousness arise,
And though by faint beams cheered, through night's sad
hour ;
Oh ! may I hope to welcome such a dawn,
Through his sustaining grace, *whose smile is Life !*

MUSIC.

On being serenaded by Drs. Fanning and Cole, and Mr. Bristow
in 1825.

Oh! it was lost in part, that midnight melody ; that from unreal troubles snatched my spirit, and woke it to a sense of living pain. Yes, lovely as it was, it could not chase oppressive sickness, or the anguished thought,— though had it stayed, it might have softened sorrow, and have whiled the weary footsteps of the lingering night till morn's blessed welcome ray.

But, minstrels of the village ! come again, upon some moonlight silv'ry eve ; some night so calm, so still, that earth reposes on the lap of Nature, as some tired yearling child, who sank to rest in arms maternal, his petty cares dissolved 'neath loves fond vigil, beauteous bending o'er him.

Oh then, on such a night, when Silence, modest maid, awaits thy wooing ; wilt thou not come ? with that bright

instrument whose eagle notes require a master's taming hand, and which subdued by thee, oh, much loved viol and the flute's soft tone, can breathe a language that would win from sleep, though witching Fancy picturing dearest forms, beguiled the pillow'd thought. Then, ye, who at that hour by magic skill, hold empire o'er the mind, regard thy privilege, and bend it to the best of purpose—tune the heart to virtue. And as thy lay, soft streaming through the transient tomb of half creation, steals athwart the listening ear, and we awake as to another being—let its numbers be of softest, plaintive measure. For not to me the flippant music, imaging the dance, at such an hour can please. No, Music hath her time and place, and these must well accord; and while in scenes where festive merriments entrance, such notes congenial suit—yet does my soul more dearly love, within the sacred house of prayer, the choral anthem's silvery tones, enwreathing with the organ's solemn swell, impressive, full with heart-ascending praise,—or in the compass of the silent night—the *pensive Serenade*!

Then unobstructed, music rolls its liquid wave of varying cadence, through the world of sound; from gradual melody high rising, where the note exquisite holds the trembling breath, to where, in fainting sweetness soft it sinks, then lingering dies!

A pause succeeds; the grave of melody. But ere the soul subdued, assumes its loss again, in distant strains more gradual deeply swelling, enraptured Fancy, through the charmed ear seized, is over the delicious

upon buoyant bome, and undulating glides still further on, and further.

Oh then, whilst they delighted listen, who so well can judge, or aid the tide mellifluous—escaping on the wings of Music, far afrome, let my sad spirit leave this nether world, its cares, its toils, its sorrows. Happy freedom! let it breathe the light, the joy of heaven! adoring wander through those silent spheres which once, combining, sang in Time's first dawn, when our bright globe, complete and pure, rolled in its orbit from its Maker's hand.

And here the lapse of Time, swift skimming onward, let me wend; anticipate the hour when soul and harmony uniting, ne'er shall sever; when Heaven's production, Earth's eternal Harp, enchased in everlasting love, and wretched with glory, shall mid surrounding, marvelling Heaven, breathe its first notes immortal.

And as Creation claimed the opening song of how, replete with grace and clothed in beauty, fair it glittered forth at God's command, a pendant rich among surrounding worlds; Oh then the note, sublime, expressive, full, so lofty high, mid heaven's bright arch majestic rose, it quiv'red soul suspending. But ah! too soon it lost its light, its grace, its beauty; lost the smile on which it hung, and thought—obedient swift the notes descending, however the while, with trembling awe disclosing; how it had sank, forever, ever sank, had not Almighty Love stretched forth his saving arm. And then, as long by strengthening Faith and cheering Hope sustained, though crossed by equal Doubt, and timid Fear; the note responsive followed on, now buoyant fluttered high, or trembling sank, as feeling prompting swayed.

But soft, the note is changed, and oh! what plaintive strains of dying sweetness, holy sorrow, stream around; mantling each angel face, with strange and beautiful emotion! Mournful upon its strings, gathers the theme of sorrows infinite,—how God's loved Son, a willing sacrifice upon its chords expired, and by his precious dying saved from everlasting death. Then, as with mercy fraught, its heavenly language, all that perfect love, Salvation's act revealing—through what a world of harmony it sweetly glanced, each gracious strain through ev'ry varying sound successive gliding, till blending all in thy loved note, transcending Gratitude, it melting ceased!

Ah! then as sank dissolved within the stream of bliss, those sparkling gems of sound, that from the wings of fluttering Cherubim distilled through Heaven's bright vault, had deep within th' angelic mind, infused, till then *imperfect* known, the knowledge of God's *wondrous love* to man! ——What pause, soul exquisite, ensued! Silence so vast, so deep, nature had not sustained—eternity ne'er felt before; for ah! 'twas love for utterance too deep,—'twas heaven too full for praise!

But who may speak the glories of that concert, thought transcending; when simultaneous awaking from their blissful trance, those congregated *worlds*—to God their worship, the eternity's sustaining God,—burst the grand chorus! Oh! language of earth may ne'er convey the swell of that high tide of perfect harmony within its native sphere; the sweetest sounds in unison combined that ever broke on mortal ear, may never rival *one* of those blessed notes, that now in undulation vast, and deep,

and high,—rolled a wide efflux of unmixed delight round the calm centre of ETERNAL LOVE—benignant source of bliss ! Strains such as these, nature had not endured—mortality had died to hear, yea, leapt the Gulf of Death with joyous thrill ! And ah ! if usher to a world of bliss, upon my dying ear, may such sounds fall !

Brooklyn, 1825.

FIRE.

Descriptive of that which occurred in Fulton Street, Brooklyn,
opposite Market Street, on the evening of January 16, 1827.

That dreadful element let loose, how dire !
It seemed a mighty monster, giant-roused,
Mid peace and quiet, horrid glaring round ;
Out-spread his rushing wings of sweeping flame,
His kindling breath all glowing to devour.
Silence affrighted sank, her empire seized,
While gathering swift his mantle, Darkness fled.
With mighty strength he rent the frost amain,
And winter's icy zone dissolv'd at touch.
On man's fair home of many centering joys—
His toil-collected wealth—his scene of bliss,
Regardless, swift he springs ; while wrenching firm
He hurls the glittering fragments into air,
And bids the attendant winds disporting hie.
Aghast at his control, so fierce, so wide,

Pale Terror lifts an anxious searching eye,
To ken some limit to his growing strength ;
While roaring in his rage he triumphs fell,
And revels in destruction, fiendish glad.
Nor had he spared to banquet upon life,
And launch the soul alarmed, beyond time's bourne,
Its tenement resolved to native dust ;
Save that, commissioned by a mighty Power,
He hence fulfilled the destiny of Him,
Who, out of matter, spake him into birth,
And set his limits when he sent him forth :—
The mighty God, whose mercy unto man
But for superior good permitteth ill,
And as above the waves of wrath it beams,
He smiles the father, while he seems to frown.

But drop the figure and the scene portray—
The village tumult on alarm of fire,
And kindling beauty of the hurried scene.
But may I chill my numbers into frost,
And picture Brooklyn as the master, Guy,*
In wintry beauty clad, and rural grace ?
(Shame that so lovely prize remains unsought,
While taste and fortune gather to its scene.)
Th' attempt were vain, as arrogant the thought ,
'Twas such an eve as he has shown the morn,
But wind and darkness lorded o'er the spot ;
Wealth, with her sister Comfort, hailed the fire,
That kept at bay the close besieging foe,

*Guy's Painting of Brooklyn.

And light of joy drew forth from beaming eyes;
While cheerless Penury his cottage sought,
The warmth of love, his only gift, to share,
With hapless spouse and children painful dear.
Most gathered home, save few whom pleasure lured,
Or Charity's sweet call †—a sacred band.

But, brief as touch of fabled fairy wand,
That fancy-charming, wonder-working power,
Whose final drama gathers all in one,
This quiet scene is changed at cry of Fire!
First faintly seizing on the doubtful ear:
Nearer, the long-drawn cry thrills every nerve,
The heavy sounding foot aye gathering more,
While frost, excruciate, tells what bitter night.
The bell peals out—the village wakes alarmed,
Each snow-clad mansion anxious gazing, why?
Down the steep-glazed and many-centering streets,
The flaring engines, hurrying rapid, pour.
Man's heart is roused; his neighbor's wealth at stake,
And head and hand are promptly levied too.
The village Pastor ‡—blessings on him rest—
Is foremost there, his much-loved flock assailed;
And woman, too, her sex's fear ingulphed
In fervid friendship's ever-flowing tide.
Then hasten to the spot—be instant there,
If aught essay of thine can aid or save

† The Citizens met at the Apprentices' Library to aid the Greeks. There was also a Ball in the Village.

‡ A Reverend Gentleman and many Ladies were useful laborers at the fire.

See, how the brightness forms a lurid day—
Look to the snow-fire driving through the streets !
Ah ! who can stand an idle gazer now ?—
Soft Pity's fountain knows no rise in such.
Hear the loud uproar of the mingling mob,
And louder yet, the roaring of the flame,
Esurient seizing on each victim house ;
See, how it struggles in the monster's grasp !
'Tis not the embrace of Time, thus rude assails ;
Mark the bright rafters, tott'ring crackle down,
The demon cowering at his own fell work.
List the loud stroke unprop the yielding dome,
Which down with earthquake tremor thund'ring sinks
And see the haughty flame curl up immense,
His cloud-stud banner wide unfurled afar,
As if in mockery of man's insect might.
So erst we're told, did Gath's proud giant lord,
The assembled hosts of Israel defy.
Ah ! what shall save our threatened village now—
Exhaust her streams—destruction at her heart ?
Is Israel's strength not near, who ever saves ?
Mark yon bright shaft, with rocket force high cleave
The burning midnight sky—then sudden burst
In fountain beauty o'er the quailing foe ;
Simple and sure as that the shepherd cast,
It brings the towering monster writhing down,—
Then, as his tortured strength diminished dies,
The group retire—but vainly strive to join
The broken tide of their obstructed thought,
The moral lesson pressing on their hearts.

Preaching divine how insecure is life,
And that oft dearer prized ; while the bereaved—
But who may paint the mixed emotions
Struggling in their breasts—benumbed in part
With loss of all, yet life in mercy spared,
Thrilling the springs remote from human power.
Ah ! vainly friendship tries, with soothing art,
To make these unhoused homeless, feel at home.

But here, unworthy of a muse were I,
Could I forget the voluntary band,
Who, sloth disdaining, prompt at danger's call,
Quit interest, pleasure, and the joys of home ;
With noble valor, hazarding e'en life.
These seek not home, but through the long cold night
Their watchful stir is heard ; and when the sun
His tardy sentry mounts, all loth to view
The blackened scene, he finds them faithful there ;
Cold, wet, and sleepless, but with cheerful hearts,
The spark immortal gladd'ning all withiū.

Let others run to gaze with false delight,
Upon the billowy plumage, waving on
To lilt of music, gorgeously arrayed,
While in their rear, all heavily they drag
That fatal engine of destructive use,
Before whose powerful breath, the lamp of life
Extinguished yields, as 'neath the electric stroke.
But dearer far the fireman band to view,
As linked in one, their ready pride they bear,

With neat frock coat, and manly girded waist,
And simple helm had graced a Roman brow.
Yea, Rome had ranked them with her noblest sons ;
And Rome's proud eagle, 'quest'ring in our land,
Since, guardian to Columbus, hero bold,
Across th' Atlantic's virgin smiling wave
He hopeful sped, beholds them with delight—
Spreads his broad wings, exulting as he soars
To slake his rapture at the fount of light.
But win a caution from the source of praise :
Was selfish luxury the Roman's bane ?
Be it not thine—reject each gilded snare !
Thy only glory be the good of man.
Forgive, my countrymen, this slight rebuke,--
The love is true that ventures to reprove ;
And if the power that poets feign, is ours,
We yield it all, with humble joy, to you.
Yea, noble deeds do wotman's spirit win ;
And while her eye with rapture beams on you,
Her soul ascends, in voiceless, fervent prayer,
That He, who holds the elements control'd,
Would guard you safely midst their fearful strife !

TO DR. —

May you not mourn too late, with sigh severe,
A life unblest by sweet domestic peace ?
Though now you heed it not, each passing year
To stamp its lone impression will not cease.
Hast thou not loved ? full well thy heart I know
E'en now with sympathy returnless bleeds—
When all around is light and life, and flow,
Why swells the sigh the cold world never heeds ?
Ere thy heart hardens to endure such ruth,
Nature with all her sympathies must melt.
Dear to thy heart are honor, virtue, truth,
E'en let it anchor, where they all are felt.
Love, of heaven's gifts the choicest and the best ;
Love's purest earthly home is woman's constant
breast !

Brooklyn, 1823.

ELEGY

On the death of Miss Mary Worthington, who died
October 31, 1823.

And art thou gone, dear Mary ? Fare thee well, sweet
friend !

How modest have the steps of thy retiring been—
How gentle and how quiet ! So meekly didst
Thou lay thy fading robe aside ; and for
Eternity invest thy spirit—so calmly
Seek earth's lone and last abode—affection still
Retains thee ; and that sweet placid smile—that calm
Midst suffering which beguiled thy friends—imaged on
Fancy's eye, are pictured yet !

Ah ! could they doubt
Who viewed thy meek resignings, heard th' expression
Of thy pious trust, that He who framed such spirit
Would not cherish, ever own it ? and did not hope

With rainbow promise, cheer their hearts who saw thee
Robed in white, receive baptism's holy sign ?
Beheld thy wasted form urge its last strength to reach
The house of solemn prayer ? there, humbly kneeling
At that altar's foot, which ever breathes of peace,
And whispers mercy !—saw thee seal thy spirit,
Till he bid it rise, who blesses his own gifts,

And in that last sad hour, which nature shrinks at,
When the trembling spirit, to its native home
Remanded, casts on this transient fading scene
One farewell glance, and quits the form so fondly
Grasped as its possession. Oh ! in that hour, when
Thou on this lone dreary way wert entered,
Did not He, that blessed Pilot, who first oped
The radiant path to life's eternal shores,
With tenderness immortal cheer thy spirit ?

May we not hope he did ! for in that hour,
Thy soul so passive yielded to the summons,
That its clay tenement retained th' impress
Of submission, and on thy sleep of death
A holy calmness rested. And is it nature
Thus to triumph—thus to cast life's ardent
Fond realities aside—the void unfilled—
Unchanged the spirit ? surely, ah surely not.
Then was there not a hope for thee, dear Mary ?
Was there not a grief-assuaging hope ! and where
Thou followest thy Redeemer, in the path
Of life, may we delight to trace thy footsteps !

TO S. M. B. AND A. M. B.

Who presented a bottle of Wine, to celebrate his Birth-day.

Yes, it shall stand a sealed case,
While winter passes by,
Nor spring behold its blushing face
And laughter-moving eye.

But when glad summer revels north,
If life and health attend,
Unprisoned, it shall sparkle forth
In memory of a friend !

A Rose shall blush upon the cup,
To see her bloom out-vied,
And grateful yield her fragrance up,
A solace and a pride.

Thus, doubly sweet, my lips shall prize,
A draught made dear to me,
And if a sigh escape, 'twill rise
For happiness to thee !

BEFORE A SHOWER.

The earth is waiting for the coming rain,
So calm, so earnest still, its silence bears
A solemn language to the heart attuned.
The loving leaves, in gentle whispers, breathe
To patient-waiting tribes, the coming joy.
The birds put forth their low repressive notes,
A melody peculiar ; while around,
Afar, the chant responsive, clear, ascends
From household monitors, might conscience wake !
Nature, spontaneous, opes her longing arms
For thy benignant gift, Almighty God,
Beneficent and kind beyond all praise !

Oh that our hearts, those heavy clods, congealed,
Which so much need revivifying grace,

Would constant thus, with hope elate, expand—
Thus wait the blessing thou alone canst give,
And ever ready, profferest to bestow:
Especial on this day, of promised grace !

Then rouse, my soul, and seek those blest supplies
Thy sterile desert unproductive claims ;
For not more lovely this bright season's change,
All bursting into life, with verdure clad,
And bloom and redolence diffused around,—
Than that great *moral change* in man's brief life,
When from the drossy element of clay,
The dews of Heaven bring forth the buds of joy—
True joy, whose various foliage ever bears
The stamp of life, immortal as the soul !

TO THE SLOOP OF WAR FAIRFIELD;

After returning from an entertainment given on board.

Yes, wave thy starry banner,
Meet emblem of thy home !
Swell high the sprightliest measure
In music's magic zone.

And bid thy barges gaily
O'er-ripple the bright wave,
To gather pleasures to thee,
Thou fair-field for the brave !

Yea, spread thy board so lavish,
Fill high the sparkling bowl,
And hail loved woman near thee,
To light the seaman's soul.

But vain ! ah vain ! thy pageant,
To those so soon to part,
From *Home*, that blissful treasure—
That refuge of the heart !

Sad thought ! it sinks the spirit,
Yea, changes music's tone,
Blight's every pressing pleasure,
Even woman's pow'r is flown !

But, youthful hearts are in thee,
With hope's bright views elate,
A smiling world before them—
Yet, will they not ~~dilate~~ ? *Their hearts ake*

As far behind, fast fading,
The shores of home recede,
Where woman's heart of feeling
Is left alone to bleed !

Alone ! ah never, never,
Their image near and true,
Is deeper, fondlier cherished,
Because thus rest from view.

And who may tell what fondness,
What soul-felt, fervent pray'r,
Pursues their course far wending,
Even winning angels there !

TO THE SLOOP OF WAR FAIRFIELD

Be then thy loved commander*
The care of Heaven's high King,
His kindness long remembered—
The grateful prayer shall spring

That o'er his bosom's treasure,
His family of love,
God's shielding wing extended,
His blessing they may prove.

And gallant Stulz, so youthful,
Does sympathy engage ;
Oh, may his life's fair volume,
Prove brighter every page ;

And when old age shall scatter
Pure silver o'er his brow,
Be there enstamp'd forever
The traits that charm us now.

May all thy gallant seamen,
In harmony unite,
Till on the deck of Fairfield
Descends the Joy of light !

Thou, oh my Saviour ! guard them,
Committed to thy care,
From tempest, danger, shield them—
From every baleful snare.

—
Capt. Foxhall A. Parker.

Pour thou the oil of gladness—
Their sinking hearts sustain,
And home, all free from sadness,
These wanderers bring again.

Then, in thy holy temple,
How high our hearts shall swell,
As we adore Thee, faithful,
And all thy wonders tell.

NIAGARA.

Written at the Falls, August 4, 1829, and published at Philadelphia, in the "Church Register" of November 14, of the same year.*

Oh, scene of wondrous beauty!—Let my soul
Pour its deep tribute unto thee, my God,
Here, at Earth's *noble altar*, here, where swells
With ceaseless voice, that shakes the solid earth,
Though mountain piled—thy high transcending praise
Yea, waves an incense hallowed, pure and bright,*
As wakes an image of most holy things.

Oh! let the spirit of the glorious scene
Imbue my soul, and lift it unto thee!

* Understanding recently, that Mrs. Butler has made use
of a figure similar to one contained in this article, namely, comparing the ascent of the mist at Niagara, to the waving of
incense, the date determining PRECEDENCE is here affix
to prevent the imputation of PLAGIARISM.

Here, the deep record of the earth-swept flood,
And thy almighty Power are yet preserved :
And here, long treasured from the eye of faith,
Nature unveils the beauty of our earth,
As from her DEEP BAPTISM, soft, once more,
Amid rejoicing waves, she chastened rose ;
The radiant signet, on her happy brow,
Token of peace, of hope, of tender love !

And, what a majesty surrounds this scene
That pictures forth the *attributes of God* !
Yea, shrinks the spirit at the awful view !
The mighty *Power* that formed, and can destroy ;
The spirit's *Purity*, that upward springs ;
The vast *Eternity*, we cannot grasp ;
And *Mercy's* coronal that crowns the whole !

On, on, as these delightful waves, may I
My destined course, through rapid time pursue,
And yield my spirit at the certain verge,
As prompt, as pure, as spring these parted waves ;
My *Saviour's* glories imaged as it rise,
As on this soaring wreath, light's living hues !

IMPROPTU.

At Trenton Falls.

Here nature laughs at art !
And God, *his science* shows !
Here, motion without end,
And *Music* ever flows.

Here, rapid waters rush,
And throw their snow-white foam,
With diamond-sparkling crest,
And amber-beauteous zone ;

And, silver currents weep
Their gentle, loving tears,
Beside the mighty gush,
That kindles awful fears !

Here *Painting* holds her court,
And revels in the scene ;
How bright her palette arch,
Bends o'er the frolic stream ;

While on her sun-lit brow,
Soft waves her verdant crown,
On which, the deep blue sky,
Delightedly looks down.

And *Botany*, beside,
With quiet joy regales,
Each rural vase around,
Its own sweet scent exhales ;

With fingers, tasteful, light,
The rugged rocks she wreathes,
And spreads her mossy couch,
And fans her glist'ning leaves.

But *Architecture*, here,
Lord of the scene, presides ;
What grandeur, marks his mien,
His strength, old Greece defies !

Time-bronzed, the giant rests,
In vast serene repose,
And guards this lovelier scene,
Than language can disclose !

IMPROPTU.

Oh! rapt beyond control!
My spirit mounts to thee;
My God, who form'st the whole,
O yet, *remember me!*

NATURE.

Written in the Album of my friend, now Mrs. F—.

Perchance upon some lovely summer eve,
When distant far, mid other scenes embraced,
You gaze on Nature with enthusiast eye,
Fond tender thoughts and memories may rise,
While pensive Cynthia with magic paints,
In lights and shadows delicately traced,
Thy own sweet *Mountain Home*, by thee described.
There, as my fancy pictures, nature sheds
Her various blessings ever lavish, free,
To soothe her children, captive to her charms.
The soul-inviting hour—the softened sounds—
Last sighs of day, as calm she sinks to rest,
And splendors of the night unveiling far !
Sweet are retiring labor's closing sounds,
Blent with the voice of youthful mirth afar,

ASCRIBED

To Miss C. L. C., and adapted to music by Mr. A. Taylor, of
New York.

Oh ! ken ye a maiden, most winsome beguiling,
With a cottage-sweet smile, and a sun-beaming eye ?
This, drinks up the dew-drops that rise to its fountain,
That, shuts in its portal the ready-formed sigh.

Ah ! lovely's the maiden, yet 'twere vain to describe her,
Where jet and where lily, and hazel and rose,
All blend in their beauty, and revel so joyous ;
They wound as they dazzle, each rash gazer knows.

She's lively and playful, vexatious and winning,
But wit hides some treasures you vainly espy ;
As the dew, in its lustre, eclipses the flower,
Though hid in its cup, purest nectar doth lie !

Then, safe you may trust her, though arch and mischievous !

A heart she possesses 'neath frolic and glee,
Whose warmth is the deeper for this its light cover;
Whose flame is the bright one of pure constancy !

MAN.

Elicited by the curiosity of a Gentleman to see a Poem
entitled "Woman."

And what is Man ? a mischief-loving creature,
That will not let poor steady Woman be ;
But if she have a *scrap of printed paper*,
He fain must *see*—
Eve's first-born child, I ween,
Proving himself to be !

I wish I had the time to set the world aright,
'Bout that they *long have loved to mis-believe* ;
For they who read, as well as they who write,
May well conceive,
That Cain, by *ancient laws**
Would greatest gifts receive.

* Laws of primogeniture.

And by some late authority (the smile may rise)
They say the *fact is proved*, that *sons inherit*
Much more than daughters do, (the world's grown
wise)

The Mother's spirit !
So, erst, the scandal laid on us,
Becomes preterit.

And demonstration too, would further proof incline,
As *he* who aided Eve, aids them as free :
A recent fact† I think a powerful sign :
So all agree— *signals*
And with the gift *to know*,
Is coupled one *to see* !

Well, how we've been belied 'tis shameful e'en to think,
And *Curiosity inscribed en masse* ;
But now the *old philosophy* must sink—
Now we may pass—
Adam's fair children we,
And men all Eve's—alas ! !

† The manner the gentleman obtained the poem.

INHUMANITY.

On reading that some persons were about to send a ship, laden with animals, down the Falls of Niagara, and that multitudes were preparing to witness the sight.

Ah ! who may ever paint thee as thou art,
Bright, beautiful Niagara ? all rise
With motion, melody and light, whose waves
Of emerald beauty, and of silver crest,
Come leaping on to greet the blissful verge ;
Which, as they gain, all joy-delirious, down
They sparkling plunge, with fearful strange delight,
That backward, longing, clings ; but as they gain
The silvery depths below, whose quiet rocks
Repose, continual, amid the din
Of the invaded river's deep'ning roar ;—
A moment struggling in the bright abyss,
And the disparted wave is seen to rise,
So calm—so pure—so dazzling bright—so free !
That as its spirit-wreaths ascend on high,

The lofty Sun receives them for his own,
And swiftly vesting in the hues of heaven,
On glad commissions bids them disappear !

And are there those who dare profane thee—dare
To send an idle ship adown thy wave ?
Hallowed through time ; whose incense since the ~~more~~,
The sinless Water sparkled to behold
His lovely long-lost bride restored once more
In chastened beauty to his circling arms—
Has aye gone up, and ever will ascend,
Prótype and high analogy, my soul !
Ah ! dare *man* trespass on thee—*insect man* ?
Whose mortal life is ever pictured forth,
By the swift rapid, evanescent mist ;
Dare he profane thee, who with hope of life
Would never trust himself, or aught beloved,
Within the precincts of thy awful power ?
Nay, where if placed by agency Divine,
How would life's bright meridian know eclipse,
And out of life his soul affrighted shrink,
Ere reached the dreadful verge ; appalling thought !
Ill could I view God's harmless creatures cope,
In bitter agony, with such strange death ;—
The cruel destiny of heartless man !

Methinks the age of little minds has come,
Or souls extinct ; when giddy thousands press,
To gaze, with wonder, at such petty show ;—
Nor heed the preaching heralded sublim^e !
Nor feel the presence of the *Living God* !

The Living God! before whose constant eye
The waves of life, no matter what their strife—
No matter what their tumult and their noise—
Rush to the certain verge—there meet their doom.
Some sudden, darkly plunged, forever sink
No more to rise; while some, with love of life
Cling to the margin, rudely shaken off.
But the blest few, with heaven's own Glory clothed,
Mount up to meet *God's full approving smile,*
And welcomed there, partake of endless bliss!

IMPROPTU,

To Miss C. M. C.

Oh, gentle maiden ! on that calm fair brow,
May early piety its seal affix ;
Unlike the world, be as thou art e'en now,
Nor with its giddy circles ever mix.

Be chaste thy spirit, and thy thought subdued,
And modesty thy soul-sweet beauty's guard;
To scathing sorrows ever dare intrude,
But heavenly griefs in token of regard.

Long may the current of thy peaceful life,
In pure domestic channels, happy flow ;
And watchful love, and care to baffle strife,
Be all the trials thou art doomed to know.

Then, when that hour shall come, will blanch thy cheek
Dear to my heart as to a lover's eye,
Oh, may thy spirit, joyful as 'tis meek,
Ascend on wings seraphic to the sky !

But where's the *language* that may *speak the soul*,
Or breathe the *tenderness I feel for thee* ?
E'en in that world, where *Love knows not control*,
There, language self is blissful ecstasy !

INFANCY.

Oh ! that the purest moments of our life,
The happiest period in this world of ill,
Should pass from recollection, fade entire,
Nor leave a mem'ry of its transient bliss !
Ah ! my loved Mother, could my soul but trace
E'en in this late, long-separated hour,
The bliss, the full unmingle~~d~~ bliss, that poured
Its wealth of Eden love, upon my heart,
As pillow'd on thy breast I knew a home ;—
The thought were rapture in a world so cold ;
And balmy as the heaven-descending dew,
To my poor withered solitary heart.

Who ever gazed upon the beaming face
Of artless Infancy, replete with joy ;
Or felt the tenderness of its caress,
That did not feel, encircled in its arms,
Associate with heaven—holier made,
And inward sigh for happiness so pure ?

And what is happiness, if their's is not ?
Those passions all supine that darken life,
And all the brighter ones, in constant play ;
Confiding love, and hope, and generous joy,
With added ease, and full supreme delight,
When Nature's few and simple wants are hushed !

Yes, gaze upon some cherub-beauteous boy
When gentle sleep, unconscious, steals him hence,
And his soft parted lips, resign, sufficed,
The fountain of his bliss, and eager joy ;
Or when, exhaust from play, his tender form
Sinks calm and happy on his mother's breast ;—
Can earth a picture show of happier state,
Or one more pure, and innocently fair ?

The very beauty of the sleeping babe
Is typical of joy, of peace, of love !
The silken fringes of the light closed lid,
Shadow the cheeks with life's fresh roses bright ;
The golden ringlets coronal the brow,
The full formed brow, where not a wrinkle shows ;
But blue, meand'ring veins, the temples grace.
While from life's ruby portals, incense breathes
O'er all the lilyed surface of repose ;
Unruffled, save by dimples of delight,
That speak the still *continuous happy dream* !
A dream of peace, of innocence, of love ;
A dream—for such it seems, so soon forgot ;
And all too beautiful for what succeeds !
A dream, for this short life, alas ! how brief !
Merged in eternity which lay beyond !

STANZAS,

On hearing the Misses Gillingham sing, accompanied by
their Pupils, at Erasmus Hall, Flatbush, June 1881.

ye

Are ye beings of light ? bright beaftiful forms,
With cherubic circle and voices of love—
Instilling a peace sweet as calm after storms,
When zephyr with fragrance breathes soft thro' the grove.

Such thought might find refuge at least for an hour,
As ravished we list to the sounds ye create ;
Spell-bound by their mingled and varied power,
We forget this cold world—its darken'd estate.

Allegro as queen meekly reigns o'er the choir,
While Penserose lily-like bends at her side ;
Enthusia, rapt with a spirit on fire,
Pours forth her full soul upon feeling's strong tide.

And rising in beauty as gaining in years,
The youngest sweet sister attractive we view ;
For modesty beautiful ever appears,
And dignity, constant, forever is new.

And when their rich voices in concert combine,
Such harmony pours on the fancy-charmed ear,
As rouses the spirit to actions sublime,
Or, soothed by its pathos, dissolves to a tear.

And other glad songsters were culled from the band,
With dewy young voices as clear as those notes
Which herald the morning with carol so bland,
That day with its treasures their rapture invokes.

Returning at night through the depth of the wood,
The Fire-fly's bright stars shooting swift thro' the dark,
Such magic had music, to me it seemed good
Your song so enliv'ning had quickened their spark.

That eve shall return with its roses and light—
Its mingling of music and beauty and bloom ;
Enkindling a pleasure mid sorrow's dark night,
As bright as the fire-fly's sparkle in gloom.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

Oh, what a wild sad day ! the steady rain
Drops calm continuous on the idle ear,
Checking each warring energy of thought.
Without its broad descent forms glaciers vast ;
And winter of her snowy virgin robe,
Dismantling rude, with his cold jewelry
Of chrystral drops, and silvery fringes stiff,
Adorns her weeping, pallid, gloomy face.

So dull, monotonous, the view of things.
No brightening visions fill the poet's mind,
But direful pictures, dismal to the thought—
The ice-bound ship in danger-harrowing strait—
The lone despairing wanderer, far astfay ;
Or winter in the northern zone, so drear,
Its desolation chill, consuming life !
But should the gladsome living soul of light,
The glorious Sun, pierce through these darksome clouds,

Oh, what a radiant scene would bless the sight !
Each hue of Nature dazzling glitter forth
Till the charmed sense ineffable was rapt.

In sympathy, imagination then
Would leap the gloomy gulf with pristine ease,
And revel in its own peculiar joy.
The vessel safely moored would anchor ride—
The traveller cheered behold his happy home ;
And arctic Summer, with his rapid touch,
Clothe all the flowery earth with fragrant bloom—
Oh, what a soul-enkindling gift is *light* !

MONODY

On the Death of a Sister.

List ! souls tuned to pity, bend soft to my lay—
My Catharine was lovely who sleeps in the clay :
I mourn thee, I mourn thee, Oh, Catharine my love,
My blessing go with you to the heavens above.

My Catharine was lovely, but, ah ! she has fled,
And far from this cold world soft sleeps with the dead !
I mourn thee, &c.

Her voice it was gentle—her manner most mild,
And love touched the heart's fount when Cath'rine smil'd.
I mourn thee, &c.

Come rouse thee, my Catharine—awaken all bright !
See thy babe fondly stretching her arms with delight.
I mourn thee, &c.

Oh, no ! thou'l not waken ! then calm be thy rest—
Thy babe early gathered sweet sleeps on thy breast.

I mourn thee, &c.

But when the glad morning gleams bright thro' the tomb,
Awaking together we quit its long gloom,
I'll hail thee, I'll hail thee, Oh, Catharine my love !
While blessings immortal ever wait us above.

NOTE.—The preceding is adapted to an air sung by the actress, Mrs. Melmoth, entitled the “Irish Howl,” being one of those mournful wails peculiar to Ireland, which Baron Smith thus beautifully describes: “Call it wild and dismal if you please, but do not stigmatise it with the epithet Howl. When its roughnesses, and chromatic or other discords are softened by distance, and as it were diluted by the open air, it comes with a dying fall of inexpressible plaintiveness upon the ear. It is, I confess, an echo—a paraphrase of this world’s lament; but on the score of sweetness, it is an exception to my dislike of copies. It is a song of this world, sadly floating to another; or a song of other worlds addressed by grief to this. Some of its melancholy cadences resemble those of a nurse’s dreary lullaby. Thus we may be said, in Ireland, to enter on and retire from life in a song !”

A LAMENT

For Mrs. Mary, wife of Charles E. Bulkeley, Esq

She is gone in her beauty—she is gone in her youth,
But bright be the tear-drops we shed o'er her grave ;
For the seraph of mercy has pledged his sure truth,
That she lives thro' His power, omnipresent to save.

She lives ! yea on earth her sweet presence remains,
In the soul's treasured chambers, where memory allies ;
There, snatched from the grave which no further retains,
She lives in her beauty, though passed to the skies.

Oh yes, her soft accents still thrill in our ear,
Her manners so gentle, still tenderly move,
And while angels glad welcome her soul to their sphere,
The all of her memory on earth, will be *Love* !

TO EPHRAIM NILES BYRAM.

The Natural Philosopher and Astronomer, of Sag Harbor.

Thou livest among men, rare Youth, and they
Marvel thy footsteps never stray from home—
That the enclosure of thy peaceful cot
Holds charms to win thee from the busy world.
They deem thee caged, confined within its bounds,
And fain would lure thee from its still retreat.

Ah, little know they the rich gift of mind,
And what a lofty range the spirit takes,
As loosed from earth, it roams through fields of space;
Visits each star as some familiar home,
And their far neighborhood distinctly kens.
Yea, can they grasp his pleasure, whose dull eyes
Close with their leaden weight at midnight's hour,
When from their beauteous chambers in the skies,
Radiant with love, the glorious stars look down

On man's wide various fate, perchance control,
 And on their votaries shed pürè wisdom's light.¶
 On such a night, Byram, thy spirit burns;
 Basks in a high wrought bliss too pure for earth,
 E'en such a joy as fancy may suppose
 Gladdened their spheres. the hour that gave thee birth;
 When their mysterious influence (once believed
 As shadowing forth the destinies of man)
 Darkened the emblem of thy human joy;
 But rayed with glory the immortal mind
 Their tranquil beauty imaged forth in thee.

But that the world has claims upon thy powers,
 And for himself no man may ever live,
 Ah ! who would lure thee from thy peaceful home,
 And its most sweet employ, embodying thought;
 Far from the world's low chase and giddy strife.
 A transcript of the heavens is glowing forth
 In beautiful creation 'neath thy touch ;*
 And Music owns the empire of thy skill,
 As waked from death she thrills the list'ning ear ;†
 And other schemes ‡ all beautiful and rare,
 Lie in their secret chambers, treasured deep,
 Charming thy soul, delighting to come forth,
 And win the wonder of admiring earth.

* A representation of the Celestial Globe, now in progress.

† Mr. Byram constructed one or two hand organs.

‡ Alluding to the Planetarium, since begun and completed, and which obtained the gold medal, at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Yes—fame awaits thee ; and her deathless wreath,
Gemm'd with the tears of ages, passing on,
The soul of genius aye is formed to prize ;
Else were its own bright visions its reward,
And its calm transports set above earth's praise.
But He, who formed the mind and gave it power,
Claims a return in man's increasing good ;
And, steward of his gifts, you may not choose,
But in thy works shew forth his wond'rous praise.

I gazed upon thee, when the hosts of stars
Poured their pale light upon thy paler brow,
And fancy whispered—mid the silent night,
When we are sleeping, shall their pensive rays
Hallow his lonely bust with laurel crowned ;
When, from a well-spent life, he quiet sleeps,
And o'er his loss his soothless country mourns :
While all around the tranquil scene breathes peace—
Peace such as his whose spirit's with his God !

Yes, Byram, rouse thee from thy partial dream—
Look on the world—observe its busy scene ;
And though analogous thou ne'er canst be,
Bring to its use thy mine of patient thought—
Thy wealth of talent—thy ingenious skill—
And, higher aid, the example of thy life,
Which bends to suffering with a martyr's grace,
And like a Pascal's triumphs over pain.
And if, alas, to suffer be thy doom,
Oh, may the trial reap a rich reward,

Where virtue's tests alone are fully prized,
And even here the solace be obtained,
Which springs from conscience exercised aright.

Then quit thy humble cottage, though it be
The happiest spot thou ere again mayst know ;
(As toil and trouble are the lot of man)
For Nature to a mind like thine, has charms
In every varied form she gives to view ;
And thee she beckons from her topmost tower,
Urania's coronet reserved for thee,
And Health, advancing see with roseate smile,
Her eye all sparkling at thy near approach,
As Exercise, rejoicing, bears thee on ;
While Genius, with her unction from on high,
Pours on thy head her consecrating oil,
And Science waits to show thee to the world.
And more, if more thou seek'st, to win thee forth,
And break the spell, retirement still exerts,
Thy country calls thee in her youthful prime ;
And such a country ! bliss to call it ours—
Asylum vast for earth's oppressed race,
And while her mountains pierce the silent skies,
And her broad waters feed the endless flood,
Thy name enrolled with her's shall never die ;
Nay, when these pass away, shall still exist.

A DIRGE.

Composed while waiting the interment of Mr. John Bigelow
who died in the Autumn of 1833.

ay
Oh ! ~~liv~~ me gently in the quiet grave !
My toil is past, my anguished soul is free !
Oh, could ye mourn the ransom of a slave ?
Then may ye weep, loved parents, weep for me.

Life was a burden, and the joyous spring,
Gladsome to all, in sorrow bloomed to me ;
A voice soft whispered, "ere the leaf shall wing,
Thy brief spring ended, thou shalt cease to be."

Then came the sorrow language ne'er can vent,
As life's bright visions faded from my eye ;
And yawned before me, the lone drear descent,
The path appointed for the most that die.

And, consecrate to death, came silent calm,
Unseen by all, an unction from on high,
It bathed my spirit with its precious balm,
And in submission I prepared to die.

But tyrant Pain, his torture would not cease,
Till o'er my frame he triumphed in full sway ;
Then, was the stroke of death a glad release,
And joy—dear parents, joy ! for I'm away.

Away ! where sorrows cease, and pain, and woe !
Where love and joy, and peace, are ever new !
And where, with rapture earth may never know,
My spirit waits, loved parents, waits for you.

SICKNESS.

Inscribed with affectionate gratitude to Dr. Lucius Hyde, in token of his skillful, tender, and unremitting care during an intense and protracted illness. This portraiture of which was pictured at lucid intervals, when the mind was almost inadequate to combine ideas, and the hand wholly inefficient to transcribe them!

Sickness, dread pow'r, the valley where thou dwell'st,
Ah ! who would enter, that could turn aside ?
One glimpse within thy drear domain appals ;
For fearful are the terrors gathered there,
And hidden, the treasures of thy powerful realm !
When the pale Subject enters thy dread court,
Thy awful Ministers, to greet him haste,
First, heartless Pain, the victim seizes stern,
Casts on the rack his helpless body frail,
And as he turns his ever torturing wheel,
Each joint-excruciating wrench, so deep,
The hapless wretch essays to hope the last.

But when complete his task, he beckons on
Two greedy Fiends, both eager for their prey ;
And who can tell, save those have felt their pow'r,
The dreadful suffering of their awful strife ?
First, the chill *Ague*, chatt'ring, grasps him firm,
Congeals the blood within his quivering flesh,
Shakes every limb, near dissolution shakes,
And rigid Winter circumscribes the form.

But at the struggling *Fever's* burning touch !
What horrid anguish thrills,—what quenchless thirst !
The boiling blood, travels with fearful haste
The swollen veins ; the parched tongue all seared,
Lies a live coal, within the gasping mouth ;—
The aching eyes close with their leaden weight ;
The throbbing brain seems bursting out of life,
And the bright mind, that lively cog'hance takes
Of all the body's movements, soaring oft
To regions happier of fancied bliss,
Is chained—shut up in dull oblivion—
The present lost, the future all unthought—
Till, wild Delirium seizes on the sense ;
Then, swift the stupor flies, the rapid eye
Wild, on familiar objects glances round ;
Turns from fond faces, all estranged, and asks
Who, what, and where he is, and who are they ?
Identity is lost ; and home, even home appears
A wilderness, where nought around is known ;
While oft the hand across the brow is passed,
With the false hope, to elevate the cloud ;

It presses denser on the troubled brain,
Which vainly labors agonized extreme !

But when at length he intermits his rage
The drenching sweat ooze out at every pore,
To throw the baleful fervor from within ;
While all exanimate the body lies,
And, through the wakeful night, with visions rife,
Or horrid, fearful dreams*—e'en hope expires,
Assured that morn, their fatal strife renews !

Thus on from day to day the spirit fails;
But when their full commission is expired,
And all deranged the body prostrate lies ;
Then wan Debility, decrepit bag,
On her slow crutch approaches to his aid,
With meagre fingers presses every part,
Wounded and sore, and smiles to cause him feel
How frail the walls of his foundation are ;
Whilst Idleness, her constant nurse attends,
Counts o'er the weary minutes ; her employ,
Slow weaving them to hours ;—while added pain
The sorrows of a changing life return
To cast their shadow o'er the wounded soul.

But has this gloomy picture no bright hue ?
Is there no *comfort* in this gloomy vale ?

* One was, being lashed on a wild horse and set astart as
"Mazeppa," a description of the anguish endured, induced a
friend to send (on recovery) a copy of that poem for perusal.

No learning to be gained, no duty taught ?
Yes, confidence in God is here inspired,
That all-sustaining, and heart-cheering pow'r,
And Patience ever waiting on his will,
And Gratitude that stirreth up the soul
Till like the coal upon the altar bright,
And soft compassion likening us to God
Teaching to feel for others, so distrest ;
To cheer the anguished heart, to lave the brow,
To pour the oil of comfort on the soul,
And seek each various suffering to assuage:
Oft too, it movés those sympathies of heart,
Which in the deep, still founts of nature lie,
Nor rise nor sparkle, save in sorrow's night:
Yea ! suff'ring's self is sweet, assuaged by love ;
Ah ! hapless they, who want this precious balm !

Eternal God, compassionate and true ;
Thy presence in this gloomy vale attends,
Sustains the sinking heart and hope instils ;
Soothing as that blessed touch, Bethesda moved !
Thou giv'st to medicine its healing power,
And skill to be applied ;—and when our souls
Thy wondrous mercy views, *beyond man's thought !*
Oh ! what glad pæans should our voices raise,
And ever in the *temple of our hearts,*
The cherished almond rod should fervent bud !

A FRAGMENT.

Bright was the morning ; all was blithe and gay—
The flowers sprang forth rejoiced at April's sway ;
The sun shone brilliant from his throne above,
And nature kindled 'neath his glance of love !

But one, who loved to view such morn, whose soul
Felt a deep joy not anguish could control,
Was laid aside upon a bed of pain,
To muse on bliss might ne'er return again.

But well her mind could trace, in childhood's dawn,
The fond delight that wakened with such morn ;
When o'er the dew-laid path and sparkling grass,
Gay as the lark her dancing steps would pass.

An Eden child, she gazed upon the sky
With such rapt looks of love, they drank its dye :
And as the breezes fanned her lifted brow,
Her heart beat lighter for the freshening glow.

The birds that caroled on the soaring wing,
And every flowret coy, and insect thing,
Companions seemed—*her heart was nature's own!*
[Interrupted by an ague fit.]

TO SILENCE.

Written after an intense head-ache, while residing in the noisiest part of Fulton-Street.

Oh, blessed silence ! most congenial friend—
Are we no more to meet, and sweet commune
On times long past, whose *memory rests with thee ?*
The fond revival of the scenes of youth—
The halcyon beauty of those brighter days—
The tenderly beloved who quiet sleep
Low in their moonlight graves, beneath thy watch—
Oft with the grace of life, through thee restored,
They thronging came, as memory led them back !

Nor can I hope without thy precious calm,
To meditate on *now*—the things that are,
That all surround ; the brilliant face of day—
The pensive night—the changing scenes that speed,
And wide events that ope their moral page

in's observance, for his soul's fair health,
world of thought still pressing on the mind,
reest employ beguiling every pain.
 joys once shared with thee, oh say,
 with thee forever now resign ?

higher bliss deprived of thy blest power,
once so soothed and tranquilized this frame ;
just I hope to prove the joy untold,
deep-felt rapture of the fervent hour ;
the glad spirit from its confines springs,
; the low bounds of sense with rapid sweep,
its pinions on some heavenly height ;
, wide displayed, the *majesty* of God— }
nderous *mercy*, and his *tender love*,
nd purify the heart for him !
iss, this *greatest bliss*, with thee is fled ;
noise discordant, persecuting noise,
emy and mine, harshly obtrudes—
; the joys that gather to thy feast,
assailing, threatens to destroy
ught—my life—my everlasting peace !

ial, uncreate, exalted God,
messenger, *majestic Silence*, aye
s the world to listen to thy voice !
om thy throne in tenderness of love,
ily knowst the sufferings of thy child ;
ant this boon, so fervently desired :
and better thus, “ *thy will be done*”—
Silence, Oh my soul !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Oh, lift up the heart, for the morning has sprung
When the earth and the heavens responsively sung,
Peace, peace ! lo, he bringeth with gladness to earth !
The Messiah expected—we hail with the Dove ;
A manger his cradle ; how lowly his birth,
Whom the heavens could not hold, in his fulness of love.

Oh ! raise the high song and with rapture advance ;
And myrtle and palm-wreathes entwine with the dance—
For the shepherds have told of his marvellous birth—
Of the chorus of angels that wakened the night,
And the magi have worshipped as *Sovereign of Earth* ;
The star-herald Infant now blessing our sight !

Then gladly bring forth in the fulness of heart,
The tribute of love man alone can impart,
The *heart-rendered tribute*, God ever receives.
For life-bought salvation, for truth and his word,
Assuring supports which our triumph achieves,
For blessings so lofty ! O Praise we the Lord !

GENIUS.

**An extract from an essay on that subject, read before the Brook-
lyn Lyceum, 1834.**

Of the value of Genius, which has commanded the admiration, and remotely the attention of the whole world ; none can be ignorant, though they will best appreciate it, who have most fully contemplated its *heavenly origin*—its *vast outline*—its *brilliant achievement*—its *painful sequence*. What were the world without her, but a sunless day—a night without a star ! Yea, as memory glances back over the long track of human existence, her children glitter forth upon its deepening surface, as correspondents to those superior orbs, whose sparkling glory ever lights the heavens ! And what that is *beautiful in Art, embellishing in Nature, and useful in practice, but remotely owes its origin to her !*

**She dipped her pencil in the shaded bow,
And glancing round, swift pictured heaven and earth ;
Aye, with her Raphael's touch, portrayed the soul ;
She strung her chords, and music waked to life,**

And motion yielded to the blissful sounds ;
While Poetry, she bade the lovely cadence catch,
To vibrate sweetly every human nerve.
She breathed o'er language, and the passions rushed,
Tumultuous to obey. n
Light, at her touch, the heavy massive stone
Sprang in Corinthian beauty from the earth ;
While Fancy's ideal visions, clothed in form,
With equal art, she chained in living stone.
Aspiring ever, upward was her flight ;
The heavens she scaled, the lofty stars surveyed ;
Their mighty distance, and their various forms,
And every infinite phenomena,
Which o'er our awe-struck world, has waved sublime.

Fearless, intrepid, to the world that *was*,
She gave the *new*, in Eden beauty clad ;
Far in the lonely West, a mine of wealth ;
While from the lake of Time, she rolled the mist
And bared its mirrored surface to the view.

The giant *powers* of *nature* own her force ;
She wrenched the lightning from the stormy cloud,
And peacefully restored it back to earth,
While the rude wave, with tempest revels mad,
Soothed by her charm, sinks mildly down to rest ;
E'en Winds, obedient, own her nice control.

The *qualities* of *nature*, too, she traced ;
Their mystic laws of love and hate, so strange !
And minds, still subtler powers disclosed to view.

She sought the world of *flowers*, and forth, all bright,
 In beautiful array, they modest came,
 Each, with her precious urn of incense rare,
 And *medicine* received the wondrous gift,
 To bind the broken, and the bruised heal;
 While, joyous sparkling in the beams of day
 Loosed from their dark abode, and dull compeers,
 The *mineral world* announced her deeper search.

Nor did she pause, till all that wings the air,
 Shares the broad sea, or roams the common earth,
 Were marshalled, glorious, to the admiring sense :
 Each various form, each grace, familiar shone.

But is there aught her energies can stay ?
 By her, the *past* is *present*, and the *distant* near,
 Through her, we travel space, fly o'er the land,
 And compass the wide sea—ascend the clouds,
 Or pierce the hidden depths.

Yet highest glory, crowned her purest thought,
 Which soared to God, and in return, he gave
 The knowledge of Himself, to impart to man,
 And views of things, remote from human ken,
 In glorious vision poured upon the mind.

But time would fail the history to narrate,
 The Student's soul-impassioned thought might charm,
 From "morn to eve, from eve to dewy morn,"

To name her *sons*, were yet an idler task—
Go count the stars, those matchless orbs, that stand
The brilliant centres of revolving lights;
Nor overlook the vast unfathomed chain,
That sweeps the heavens, in partial glory merged !

And dare we pause, and ask the high *reward*
Of *noble* acts like these—effulgent, bright ?
To pine with want, with sickness of the heart ;
To live unvalued, and to die unknown ;
Nay, worse, a sorrow language ne'er reveals,
To feel ingratitude's envenomed tooth,
Gnaw on the vital part, death ne'er assails !
Then, burn with splendor, when her sun is set
And Death's dark mantle o'er her spirit closed !
What eye, that reads such history, but must weep ?
What heart that's human, but must only bleed ?
Deep falls that sorrow, where *is no redress* !

SONG.

The three or four first stanzas were written impromptu, one New-Year's morning, and requested by Lieut. C— G—, to be sung on Saturday nights at sea—when the mariners toast their sweet-hearts and their wives. The other two were afterwards added, as more appropriate to the occasion—and are here (if not out of place and character) respectfully dedicated to the United States Navy.

Oh drink to the birth of the year—
Yes, drink to the *friends that we love*,
And when his old age shall appear
May we meet and the bright goblet shove

It sparkles like life to the brim,
It leavens the soul with its bliss,
And cold is that spirit and dim
That feels not the transport of this!

Care flies at its magical charm
Wit seizes her place for the while,

And every true passion now warm,
Illumines each face with a smile.

Chaste Love, with her train flutters round
As mem'ry recalls their sweet pow'r ;
While *Friendship*, celestial, high-crowned,
Presides o'er the festival hour !

But home, dearest home, holds our heart,
As cleave we the wide-severing sea ;
No distance that tie can e'er part,
But binds it more firmly to thee.

As a bird in some covert nest,
Hope sings to the heart her sweet song ;
And the nestling joys, wakened from rest,
Love's melody pours from the throng.

Then drink to the birth of the year—
Yes, drink to the friends that we love ;
And when his old age shall appear,
May *Friendship resign us to Love.* ²

ON LEAVING HEMPSTEAD.

Written in the Album of Miss M. T.

A thought is pleasant when it speaks of peace,
Of gentle virtues and of modest worth ;
And with it, brings the rural sights and sounds,
The social converse and the happy hours,
That win the soul to Nature and to God !
Such joys, dear Mary, with thy image rise,
And such pure sights, and sounds will be restored,
When far away the thought of thee, returns,
Sweet Hempstead, "lovely village of the plain" !

Oft to thy quiet scenes will mem'ry stray
From noisy bustle, and the prison walls
That close from view the charming face of day ;
To where thy sunset sky, bathes the wide heav'ns
In one resplendent glow of mingled hues,
With glory flushed ; and where, thy limpid rills,

Or wanton in the breeze, with ripply curves
As soft it breathes a requiem to day ;
Or where they spread so calmly bright and clear,
The inverted earth and sky repose as one ;
In slumber beautiful and *undisturbed* !
Till, home returning from their ample feast,
The lowing herd, with joyful plashes, come ;
Pause in thy beauteous stream, delicious, cool,
And bending meet their image in the wave :
Or when the snowy tribe, with stately grace,
Or noisy sweeping wing, of gladsome pride,
Launch their white bosoms' on thy placid lake.
And gently sip, and upward look their thanks ;
Then softly glide with swan-like arching breasts
'Neath the broad shadow of o'erhanging trees,
Illumed with sunny spots of brilliant green ;
The lingering glances of day's parting orb,
While loves response from peaceful nestling joys,
Trills its sweet vesper from the covert boughs.
There as you pensive wander, fancy charmed,
Some careless happy child attracted there,
Casts the light pebble with delighted eye,
To mark the silv'ry circles kiss the shore !
While the white cottage with its roof of red,
The home returning wain, the winding road,
The village maid, the willow and the barn,
Relieve the picture mirrored in the brook.

Then must I say farewell, sweet spot, farewell—
To health, to quiet, and the joys of thought

Possessed with thee ? nor may I view again
Thy simple cottages, thy heavenward spires,
Thy grassy valleys and thy winding streams ?
Nor list the dulcet music charming round
From ling'ring melodies that welcome rest ?
Nor meet at eve the friendly hearts that dwell
Within thy shrine, and make it home to me ?
Ah, no ! then once again, farewell, my pray'r—
Long may you hold your rural grace, your charm
Of *rare simplicity*, our fathers' boon :
And distant be the day, when lux'ry shall come,
And foolish pride, and show, and stranger's guile ;
To mar thy beauty, and consume thy heart ;
Sweet chosen village of the *mystic plain* !

THE WEDDING

Of Mr. W. C. and Miss E. H.

Oh hasten to the porch,
For the bride will soon be there,
And the village church is gay
With the youthful happy fair.

The aisle is strewed with flowers,
And the altar's holy bound,
And joy and expectation
Beam life and grace around.

For whom's this tender tribute,
This rural fete displayed?
Affection's modest token
By virgin hands arrayed?

The village Pride, this day,
In maturity of grace,
The once loved Pastor's child,
Now seeks the sacred place,

With the chosen of her heart,
The avowed friend for life ;
Where the holy man awaits
To pronounce them " Man and Wife.

But soft ! 'tis she approaches,
The gentle and the good,
By manly love supported,
And aged Widowhood ;

Who now in meekness bending
Her pride and stay resigns
Nor at the generous tender
Or murmurs or repines,

While that partial love is pledged
To her daughter's listening ear,
Which faithfully fulfilled
Makes another Eden here.

Then age and youth uniting,
Lift up the prayerful voice,
That God would shower his blessings
And bid them aye rejoice,

THE WEDDING.

Till death's last gentle summons
Shall call them both away
To bliss—to joy made perfect,
Through everlasting day.

—o—

A S C R A P.

Unfold Time's scathing mantle,
That sears the warmest heart ;
Restore, Oh youth, thy freshness,
Thy ignorance of art !

Thy joy in Nature's beauties—
Thy revel in her charms,
Till lost in speechless pleasure,
I fainted in her arms.

While all around is glowing—
The earth, the air, the sea—
Oh ! keen I feel the changes
That time hath wrought in me !



OUR PUSSY;

Named Victoria.

Come hither, little daughter, let us gaze,
On Pussy's beauty, and her frolic ways ;
So winning, that I ween thou lovest her well,
And all her cunning pranks canst blithely tell.
How on thy cheek she lies her velvet paw,
And kindly screens each naughty scarring claw,
Save when thy love too ardently thou show,
A little scratch she gives, to let thee know.
And how at table by thy side she stands,
And anxious waits a pittance from thy hands ;
Or mounted on thy chair, in lofty state,
With ravished whiskers eyes thy furnished plate :
Ah well ! my merry maid, does mother know
T' impart to puss, thy share thou wouldest forego ;
Amply repaid, if after meals a space,
Thou see her neatly wash her pretty face.
And then, at dawn, how on thy bed she leaps
And snuggling in thy face—no longer sleep's.

Sweet balmy influence holds thy bright blue eyes,
With rapture kindling, her dear phiz to spy !
Or fondly gathered in thy arms at night,
She purrs her thanks with infinite delight,
Till sunk to rest,—then what a sight is that,—
Beside my rosy Kate her snowy cat !

But when a spell of play is deemed the thing,
And you produce your ready papered string,
So wild a frolic then, I ween, ensues,
As casts the gauntlet to my prosing muse ;
Bidding her quick, though vain her art essay,
The vivid beauty of the scene portray !
And first, how daintily she turns her head,
As though “ such trifles I despise,” she said ;
With glance indifferent, views it careless swing,
Scorning to heed the petty senseless thing—
Till as the rustling paper, circling, nears,
Observe the busy motion of her ears,
And mark her quaintly lift her snowy paw,
As half afraid to touch the thing she saw.
Yet as the luring bait receding slides,
See ! how with curious claw, she after glides ;
Patting so gently, with such native grace,
As fascinates the eye her wiles to trace.
But, as it cheats, her quickened senses glow ;
And, fixing keen her eyes, and crouching low,
Each limb adjusting nice in proper place,
She waits the “ nick of time” to give it chase.
And then such forward, backward, zigzag glancing—
Such running, leaping, bouncing, pouncing, prancing,

Till fairly seized ; then hugging, squeezing, clawing;
 Then scratching, rolling, tossing, tousing, gnawing;
 As shows all motion genial to her grace,
 And little need Calisthenics to trace !
 Now, round and round, with rapid whirl she sweeps,
 Now over chairs and tables nimbly leaps,
 Now vaults askance, with arching back and tail,
 Then mad with glee, renewes the brisk assail ;
 Or stands at bay, like some bright charmed thing,
 Pegasus' pigmy mimic, sans a wing—
 Till, in a tangent, off like lightning's streak
 She sudden starts to play at " hide go seek."

Anon beneath the curtain, closely hid,
 She watches eagerly thy ev'ry bid,
 With soul of life and eyes so keen intense,
 No motion 'scapes her roused and ready sense,
 When out she pops, in sudden antic freak,
 Adroitly tapping thee on either cheek,
 As makes thy little heart go pit a pat,
 And though delighted, fear thy capering cat !
 While thy droll laugh, evincive of the same,
 Adds happy music to the sprightly game.
 Then, as the spirit kindles in her eye,
 Oh, mark her motion ! for she seems to fly !
 Now here, now there, now up, now down, she frisks—
 Now round and round, then on thy back, she whisks ;
 When overcome with sport adown you lie
 For very mirth, the tear-drop in thine eye !.

And yet our Pussy has a modest mien !
 So rare a cat I'm sure is seldom seen ;

A very lady in her every sport,
As though bred up in England's polished court ;
Nor could a beauty that I ever saw,
E'er sport a fan as she her matchless paw !
Why e'en Victoria, Puss, might envy thee
Thy quiet ease, thy motions ever free,
Thy meditative power—thy watchful eye—
Thy energy to act—thy skill to spy !
Nor need the royal Maid disdain compare
With thee, our Pussy, beautiful and fair—
Fair as the snow upon the mountain's crest,
Thy arching forehead, and thy rounded chest;
While thy clear placid face, and dove-like eye,
Win fondness to thee, though thou seem'st so shy ;
And that neat parted jet upon thy brow,
Is maiden-like and dignified, I trow :
And sure, the gifted Queen must yield to thee
The *palm of grace*, as charmed she owneth free
The hand that formed her beauty, gave thee thine,
Alike in one, both *jewel* and its *shrine* !

But see her now, as most demure she sits,
Gazing intently, all absorbed her wits,
To very still her foot, her ear, her eye,
As if unconscious of what's passing by ;—
What art thou dreaming of ? Dear Puss, do tell ?
A penny for thy thoughts, I'd give right well !
Art dreaming of a lover, like the Queen ?
Or some dear little mouse, behind the screen ?
Or planning schemes to circumvent the mice,

Or gain admittance to the dainties nice ?
Or is thy mind with gratitude replete,
Musing on thy much favored calm retreat—
Sheltered from harm—by infant love carest—
Thy mistress' favorite and a cherished guest ?
Whate'er the theme, I wager, if thy ear
Catch but the rustling of some movement near,
Or if a ball roll smoothly o'er the floor,
Away thou'l scamper, and forget thy lore,
As round and round, in merry guise you go—
Sooth, tripping "*on the light fantastic toe !*"

And may the lovely girl who fills the throne,
A star of beauty in the royal zone,
Like thee be *happy* in *domestic* state,
And thy transcending virtues imitate.
May she, like thee, possess a watchful ear,
The plaints of tried humanity to hear—
Be prompt to act where duty points the way,
And make *clandestine spoilers* fear her sway :
Guarding her realm from all intestine strife,
Oh ! may she lead a *peaceful, happy* life !
And ne'er may cares of state so weighty press
On her young bosom's gentle tenderness,
But that (all ripe in body and in mind)
When *frolic offers* she may be inclined :
And when a "game of romps" the queen shall say,
May such as ye, dear Kate, be there to play—
For, well I wot, *no rarer sport is seen*,
In "*merry England*" by the British Queen !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW
WORLD.

Intended to accompany a copy of "Our Pussy" for publication.

Dear Sir—Although the enclosed I send,
Twill scarce to poetry pretend—
Falling so short, it troubles me,
Of what I meant that it should be.
But if a body could but write
Just when the spirit moves to indite,
Then something better you might see,
But that is not the "luck" for me !
The Muses they're old maids, you know ;
When children come, they haste to go !
Or, if some housewifery appear,
They court'sy with—"Excuse me, dear."
So all that I can say, is this—
I deemed, if not too much amiss,
Some *folly*, in "The New World" placed,
Might find some readers whom it graced ;

Or help to aid a vacant spot,
When better matter mayn't be got ;
Or, last excuse, I thought it odds
If not preferred to using quods.
But if your keen and critic eye,
As trash sees fit to pass it by,
Unworthy of your ponderous paper.—
Why, then, commend it to your taper !
I can't to intercourse pretend,
Yet sign myself your partial friend ;
I therefore veil my name pro. tem.
And only sign the letter, M.

P. S. As brevity's the soul of wit,
And you, her agent, practice it,
As Noah says with “snirk and snee,”
Making some authors quickly flee.
Yet postscripts all-important are—
The drudge our lame excuse to bear ;
As such, commend I this to thee,
The “rank to market” though it be.

Not having time to parse puss through,
Its syntax I'd refer to you ;
And beg you'd cast a glance at it
To judge, if for the *Public* fit ;
As long 'tis. since I quit the school,
While you from practice, know each rule ;
And can discern with rapid skill,
Else to require such task were ill !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW WORLD.

I hope the nouns and verbs agree,
As no divorces would I see
'Mong characters in their high stations ;
Disturbing all their wide relations,
Nor only them, but you and me,
In fact, the whole community !

—o—

A S C R A P .

O wherefore do I linger ?
This world is not for me ;
Its very pleasures sadden,
And false its seeming glee.

My heart was formed for heaven,
Where truth and love abide ;
And blissful spirits parted,
Are beck'ning to their side !

Then wherefore, wherefore linger ?
This world is not for me,
Its choicest pleasures sadden,
Or bring satiety.



LiNES

Written while watching an Infant's cradle, during the interment
of its Mother.

It slept in beauty ! For no sorrow dimmed
The blissful visions of its infant mind,
Calm and unconscious in its happy rest,
Of the sad change in its young destiny :—
Unmindful that the form that gave it birth
And pillow'd its fair brow upon her breast,
And ministered with love, to all its wants—
In cold unconsciousness was bearing hence
From the dear home of industry and love,
To that far bourne whence no return is found ;
To list no more her children's artless themes,
Their prattle, or complaint of petty griefs,
To kiss the wound a mother's love aye heals,
And cause the smile to sparkle through the tear ;
No more, to watch with anxious eye to check

Aught that might dim the lustre of their souls,
Or mar their health, and in each little joy
Participate as only mother can ;
Nor e'er again behold with glad delight
Their beaming eyes unclose from balmy sleep,
And with her husband joy in their sweet babes ;
Yes, one will miss thee in thy gentle path,
And treasure fond the image of thy ways,
While the sweet babe that sleeps will miss thy care,
And scarcely recollect the untiring love
The youngest one is destined ne'er to prove.
Ah ! is it wrong to hope, since thus recalled
From the fair field of earthly labor—these
Bright jewels of thy nuptial love, heart clasped ;
Thou may'st in spirit ever hover near,
And though to them invisible, instill
Into their youthful minds, pure heavenly thoughts,
And prompt to good, and guard from every ill ;
And minister to them as heirs of bliss,
Of God's exhaustless, and enduring love ?

EPITHALAMIUM.

To Miss E. C. with one of the earliest roses of summer.

Go, simple rose ! my favorite flower,
And messenger most sweet,
Seek Glentworth's happy nuptial bower,
And with best wishes greet.

Tell her, though absent from the throng
Now, gladsome with delight,
My thoughts are hid among thy leaves,
This blushing bridal night.

And whisper gently in her ear
While blooming on her breast ;
The wish, that "love may nestle there
A constant, cherished guest."

Bid her not dread thy thorns, sweet flower,
Say, though they yield a smart,

They ever serve to guard love's power,
And purify the heart.

And, emblem of her life, be thou,
With bloom and fragrance fraught;
Nor grief nor sorrow e'er alloy,
But what with love is wrought.

AN APOLOGY,

For gazing at a Lady in a Stage Coach.

O let me gaze on those sweet eyes,
That lend a charm to light,
Where precious thoughts forever beam,
With truth's own lustre bright:

So like those orbs, now closed in death,
Whose glance sent joy to mine,—
O may thy life be pure as hers,
So shall her death be thine.

AN APOLOGY

In a Friend's Album.

Dear E. I shame to place my name
Within this book of thine ;
My gentle friend, can you extend
Forgiveness to my crime ?

Alas ! a year and more I fear,
I've kept thy valued book ;
And hid its leaves from bearing sheaves,
On which you'd joy to look.

Yet me excuse—my wayward muse
Aye scorns to be confined ;
She's very lame—you see she's lame—
And also sometimes blind.

Else thy dear face she'd joy to trace
Engraven on my heart ;

So very mild, as some sweet child,
Devoid of guile and art.

"Tis there I see thou'l pity me,
Who fall so very short
Of duty's claim, that I for shame
Scarce dare express the thought—

That though my muse her aid refuse—
Thou'rt ever *dear to me* ;
And when in end I add thy friend,
"Tis with *sincerity* !

TO A PUPIL.

Yes, I must love thee, while thy mind discloses,
Pure innocence of thought: *unstained* by guile ;
For not more sweetly blooms life's op'ning roses,
Upon thy cheek, than does thy winning smile ;
Where cluster gay good humor, hope, simplicity,
With feelings *true*, endear thee still to me.

IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM,

On her departure for Alton.

Though far away thy destined path,
Thy gentle spirit oft will be
With me, amid the world of flowers,
Whose varied charms will mind of thee.

The blushing rose will warmly speak
Of love's own beauty in thy heart ;
While the meek lily of the vale,
In praise of thee will claim her part.

And other lovely flowerets rare,
With grace and tenderness replete,
In varied gif, shall vie to show
The charms that in thy spirit meet.

An image forth, as from thy hand
Their pictured forms are given to view;

The purity of heart and mind
That those who seek, will find in you.

So that, though distant far you wend,
By other scenes and joys possessed,
Think not that thou'l *forgotten be*,
Ah no!—Flowers shrine thee in my breast.

TO J. S. G.

What's keener than a *doubt* to minds that feel?
Not the stiletto with its two-edged zeal,
Shaks-peer.

This first Rose of Summer, to Jared I send
With its soul of sweet perfume o-plead, for a friend,
Who unwittingly planted the thorn of offence
Where to *wound* or to *injure* could be but pretence.

Composed with the velocity of a thought a minute,
I crave *forgiveness* for the *fault named in it*.

ENIGMATICAL MARY.

TO MISS E. G.

With a casket of roses, containing a pressed rose from the
Scotch Eglantine.

Come, bonny bush, canst thou afford
A wreath to grace fair Bessy's brow
On this bright morn, when Hope and Joy
Both smiling wait her nuptial vow ?

If not a modest bud I'd crave,
Just to adorn her gentl. breast ;
Believe me, while 'tis blooming there
'Twill deem itse'f by thee caressed..

“ But she is fairer than the rose,
For whom this early gift's de-signed ;
Clothed with the beauty of the soul,
And glo.y of the cultured mind..

Then glad I yield my fairest pride,
To grace the lovely village maid,
The virtuous only prize my charms,
The virtuous only would I aid !

Then come my bonny little bud,
From off thy Scottish parent tree,
And shear he thy thorn, and seek the bride,
And bid her very happy be !

Love's precious perfume breathe around
Her youthful, blooming, happy form ;
And with thy sweet simplicity
The modest, blushing bride adorn.

And with thee take a casket rare,
Where thou for years canst be enshrined,
And where thy present task fulfilled,
Thou ever meekly wilt remind—

That *nuptial* love will, if preserved—
Retain its beauty and perfume—
Will cheer in life and soothe in death,
And bloom again beyond the tomb. . .

ADDRESS

To the Winter of 1842.

Mysterious Winter ! beautiful as rare !
Thou com'st in such strange loneliness of ~~guise~~,
Smiling so bland, with even *rosy* smiles ;—
So like thy sister Summer, with her train
Of gentle zephyrs, and soft, sunny hours—
The very buds ope their sweet lips to meet
Thy novel kiss—and question, art thou Spring?
Yea, e'en the birds, with carols, glad as those
Which welcome her, in vernal months, deceived—
Bend from their sunny sweep to northern shrines,
Too soon, alas ! bright creatures, all too soon ;
To nestle in thy fair, inviting breast.
Though barren of the bliss might nurture them.

And where is she—that cold, majestic Queen,
In erminéd robes and royal jewelry ;

Frowning and chaste, uncertain and severe—
 Who erst with pomp of boist'rous gath'ring winds,
 And gloomy storms, with fierce regalia charged,
 Held tyrant empire o'er the smother'd earth,
 And trampled widely with their migh'y force ?
 Oh ! where is she ? Declare, if thou dost know ;
 And who thou art, that calmly thus usurp'st
 The throne, for forty years I've known her mount ?
 For infancy inquires of me thy name,
 And where, the icy fenters, piercing darts,
 And snow, it went to greet... For as for thee,
 With frost-chased garments, lightly fringed with green
 At gentle morn and eve thou quiet bath'st,
 In rosy sea-shells, edg'd with burnish'd gold ;
 Or soft on silvery clouds, o'er sapphire deeps,
 Floatest at noon : or, screened by silvery veil
 Look'st smiling through : while at deep midnight's bed
 Magnificently couched, Aurora, oft
 Wreathes her pearl bandeau, round thy bright gem'd brow
 And harmless lightnings noiselets trip around ;
 While, bright'ning 'n their joy, (new luxry.)
 Silence and Warmth, wide waving bliss around,
 Lead timid lord, e'er franchis'd, gladdene Earth,
 To join their happy, though half doubtful train.

Oh ! if indeed thou'ret Winter, thus disguised
 In charms, strange r'vish'd from thy sisters bright ;
 'Twere marvel, didst thou know thyself the while !
 Art on the eve of marriage ? we would ask,
 With this grand show of beauty and of love ?

ill us the secret, and we'll guard it safe,
grateful token of the bliss vouchsafed :
or thou hast won us by thy constant charm.
If thy secret thou wouldst hoard, reveal
import unto us, its task for man.
It given, as type of that eternal dawn,
prophecy foretold,—besought by faith :
When wint'ry death, enthralled, shall yield his power
and ransomed life reign in immortal spring ?
Is't the ever glorious smile of heaven,
gaining through thee, acknowledgment of love,
or man's vast effort to abolish crime ?

Oh ! blessed Minister of things divine !
Mysterious Agent of the King of Kings.
Grant to us the knowledge of thy ways;
Banish the darkness that our sins create,
And heavenly light pour on our waking minds,
The icy fetters from our hearts unbind.
That streams of love may fructify the soul.
Oh ! as with living fire touch our cold lips,
And burning words shall breathe; hallow our thoughts;
Our perverse wills subdue; our passions curb;
And consecrate our spirits unto thee.
Then dove-like Peace, with olive branch serene,
(Sin's awful deluge past) shall fold her wings
On this fair earth, through thy great grace renewed ;
And knowledge, universal as the seas,
One faith, one worship, and one heart unite,
In beauty, strength, and loveliness, to form
A holy temple for the Living God !

THE GARTER.

“To him that evil thinks,
The doom of evil be,”
But judgment so severe,
Dear Friend, be far from thee,

That royal ban, has ranked
The Garter with the Star,
And now, by knighthood graced,
False shame is banished far.

Then you will not disdain
T’ accept this simple boon,
An earnest early given
Of something better soon.

My little hands have plied
Their daily tas’t, to show
The love I bear to thee—
The gratitude I owe.

And as I older grow,
And sense to me is given,
I'll strive thy love to win,
And more, the love of heaven.

A ringlet of my hair,
A Rose, of love the sign,
With a Forget-me-not,
For thee I do entwine.

Simple the gift I ween,
But well the heart can pine,
In this cold world, the sign
Of Love's sweet sacred tie.

Then, bear me in thy mind,
When distant, o'er the sea,
And my young heart will still
Lift up a prayer for thee,

TO L. A. N.

Go, tell her that I love her,
Though sadness weighs my heart,
And oft-times steals the moments
That love hath set apart ;

Tell her—the love I bear her
I know not how to name,
A *tenderness of spirit*—
A *pure ethereal flame*—

That never casts a shadow,
But constant, warm, and bright,
Diffuses e'en o'er sadness,
A glimmering of delight !

Back, to the Fount of beauty
It wins my straying soul,
As to the devious wanderer,
The beacon of the pole

Reveals that higher glory
Beyond this darkened sphere :
Image of Truth eternal,
Of love perfected there !

AT SUNSET.

Whence comes this lovely breeze,
Mysteriously given ?
It fans the face of earth,
With bliss derived from heaven.

It soothes the languid frame,
As grace revives the soul ;
And all that live and breathe
Joy in its blessed control.

ONE LOVELY NIGHT.

The moon is up ! The glorious stars awake,
The si!v'ry clouds, in homage smile around,
Or, as soft fleecy flocks, repose afar,
O'er the broad beautiful that meets the eye !
A fancy type, of the unconscious fold,
In calm repose upon thy watchful plain,
Oh ! glory lighted, peaceful Galilee,
Yes, such a night has harmonies deep felt,
Mysterious influences, working strange,
Beyond earth's purest ken, or happiest theme.
Back, to the quiet chambers of the soul,
In the lone pathos of the silent hour,
Throng visions of the past ; with seraph wings
Vibrate the silver chord, and music wake ;
While sacred love, her balmy oil soft pours,
O'er all the outward garments of the soul,
And streaming down, soothes into perfect peace !

Ah ! then 'tis bliss, at such an hour to launch
On life's unruffled lake—the solemn past ;

Glide soft to shores, the homes of young delight,
That in the distance, gleam through memory's haze,
As golden islets, shrined in silv'ry mist :
There hail companions, erst the souls beloved,
All in ethereal beauty, pale and bright,
That welcome give with tenderest caress ;
Feel the soft pressure of their gentle kiss ;
List the low, dulcet sounds we joyed to hear ;
And now in music, to the soul they breathe—
“ The future seek, we shadow but that land,
Exuberant with delight, we urge you win.”

Then up, for we are children of the day,
Nor fond be dreaming of the ; perished past ;
Though beautiful its radiance o'er the soul,
Its vesper glory yields *to heaven's bright prime* !

—o—

ON READING A DESCRIPTION.

Why need we visit Italy,
Since Byron has been there ?
Mirrored so strong on his bright mind
'Tis now reflected every where !

S O N N E T .

To Mrs. C. H***s.

As some sweet streamlet, verging to the sea,
Glides soft meandering through the quiet grass,
Verdure bright springing, where its constant pass,
A hidden beauty, careless eyes scarce see :
Oft courting too, the humblest flowers that be,
The modest lilies with their stainless vest
To nestle genial on its placid breast,
And yield their emblem incense pure and free !
So. thou, in duty's path dost meekly move,
Untiring, thoughtless of thyself or praise ;
Ah ! who may say, how loved by those who prove
The blissful influence of thy tender ways ?
O gentle Spirit, on the future's breast
Serenely peaceful be thy welcome rest !

THE CAMERA OBSCURA;

Which was situated on Brooklyn Heights, near Pierrepont-st.
July, 1841.

Will you visit the Camera ?
Pray tell me what it is ?
It stands so unpretending,
With uninviting phiz ;

I've wondered oft its object,
Deemed it some petty show,
Its price so *very trivial*—
Men judge by that, you know.

Oh, shame that so much beauty,
Because 'tis pearl-like hid,
Finds few to search its value,
Or meet its simple bid.

It stands indeed a mist'ry,
The untutored to surprise—
Stands, in its calm philosophy,
To charm initiate eyes.

Within its shaded casket,
A *golden circlet* shines;—
Nature and Art's espousal,
Gemmed from their purest mines;

The Sun, his diamond signet
Sets on the waters bright,
And emerald with sapphire,
The earth and heavens unite.

Wrought in with nicest chase-work,
The topaz, jasper shine,
While amethyst and ruby
The precious work combine.

Hues of the rainbow, glowing
With heaven's own lustre bright—
Shadows of day, caught flying,
Entrancing to the sight;

Though with a softened glory,
As when the lovely queen
Steps in before her consort,
To gaze upon earth's scene.*

And yet another treasure,
Enshrited in beauty lies ;
An *infant landscape*, cradled
From its fair mother's eyes.

Expressly her own image,
Each softened feature glows
With youth, with living freshness,
All beauty and repose;

Its gentle respiration
But adds a charm divine ;
Oh lovely, lovely picture !
Would I could make it mine.

Ah ! vain *thy pencil*, Mary,
Motion it may'nt convey ;
Here skies are constant changing,
And lights and shadows play.

They trip it o'er the landscape,
Light waving to and fro,
Others so gradual stealing,
'Tis scarce perceived they go—

Save, that their faithful dials,
Mark time's sure stealthy pace ;
O, may the rude destroyer,
Long spare the beauteous place.

But words perhaps may readier
Describe the enchanting scene,
That long will rest in memory
As some sweet pensive dream.

See ! glancing from yon ferry,
That southern steamer glide ;
Her parting incense offered —
Her silv'ry track shoots wide

Across the waters pathless,
Save one, the road to light !
That now in diamond lustre,
Gleams on the dazzled sight ;

She moves—a thing of ardor,
Instinct with life and grace ;
And ever busy, busy,
Swift hies from place to place.

But look ! the river's teeming
With urgent panting things,
And other sprightly creatures,
With snowy waving wings,

That sweep her ripply surface,
That open to the sun,
Now rise, now sink now flutter,
Or challenged swiftly run.

**The breezes catch their streamers,
And frolic in the air ;
Think not ye they're beautiful
As summer insects are ?**

**They light upon the Islands—
The bright bay's verdant bowers,
As bees with matin fervor,
Breast to the dewy flowers ;**

**Or roam the river's margin,
Their own exclusive range,
Or lounging, careless, loiter,
Or gaily shift and change.**

**But lo ! the circling city,
In sunlight and repose,
As though a fractured rainbow,
Athwart the waters rose—**

**Whose broken shafts seem altars
Ascending to the skies !
Or palaces aerial,
That from its ruins rise.**

**Ah ! loth's the thought to harbor,
Of fancy even to dream,
So beautiful a vision
Were other than it seem !**

Again the scene is changing;
And soft! what have we here?
A bank—some trees—a ruin,
In summer garb appear.

But ah! whose charmed pencil
Portrayed the living scene,
Where trees are gently waving,
And sun and shadows stream?

So erst the wizard's mirror,
By superstition graced,
The distant future catching,
More faint, but faithful traced!

And tell me, what's this ruin,
O'er which the willows bend,
With mournful fondness clasping,
As though it shrined a friend?

Old mansion, thou art sacred!
For once a presence shone‡
More noble than a monarch's,
Within thy humble dome.

That light from heaven vouchsafed us,
Has glorious past away,
And thou by hist'ry hallowed,
Art sinking to decay.

Now peaceful herds are grazing,
Here on the quiet sod,
Where once war's marshall'd terrors,
With heavy footsteps trod.

They form a group of beauty,
Which seldom greets the eye ;
A Claude had viewed enraptured,
Surpassed, his skill laid by.

As round they're gently straying,
In attitudes of grace,
They lend a charm domestic—
A genius to the place.

Soft through their leafy shelter,
The sun rays intervene ;
Chequer with shady color,
Or coat in silken sheen.

But bless me ! say, what is it,
That sudden starts to view ?
From out the canvass centre,
A figure coming through ?

A tiny beauteous figure—
The poetry of thought,
Emerging through the vista,
With life and radiance fraught,

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

See ! gaily it advances,
And following in train,
A troop of merry urchins,
The ravished sense enchain :

Another, and another—
The canvass glows with life !
Throw by thy pen, my Mary,
Vain the unequal strife

To shadow forth this gallery
Of paintings rich and rare ;
Nature, her own true limner,
Admits no rival there !

Daguerreo skill in drawing,
She laughing sets at naught—
“ I picture with the rainbow,
But me they have not caught

To hold in servile durance,
Fettered by earthly wiles,
Child of the sun, I hover,
And picture when he smiles.”

Then visit the Camera ;
I urge you visit soon,
While the charming vision's 'questered
Within its cage-like room.

For soon 'twill houseless wander,
 A tenant of the air ;
 Its home transferred § will garner
 But nought so passing fair !

Ye who revere old masters—
 Delight their works to see,
 Can you defer a moment,
 Such feast inviting ye ?

And artists, poets, painters—
 Children of sight and song,
 I woo you to its shadow,
 Pray tarry not too long.

Yet, all who're meet with vision,
 Or who of beauty dream ;
 Nature and art invite ye—
 Their pledge they will redeem.

The owner, too, obliging,
 Will gladly welcome give ;
 And while to you 'tis pleasure,
 To him it is to live !

* Having the appearance as in an eclipse of the sun.

† The reflection of the sun's rays upon the water, visible only in the afternoon.

‡ Alludes to the old Orphan Asylum, reported to have been once visited or inhabited, during the revolutionary war, by General Washington ; with how much truth the writer cannot vouch.

§ The Camera Obscura was then shortly to be removed from Pierrepont street to the junction of Fulton and Clinton streets.

CHARITY.

Suggested by some recent public events.

Ah! "why so sad perplexed?"
The path was plain the gospel pointed out,
Sure all could read the text.

If an offence doth come,—
Kindly thy brother seek—his fault portray,
Yet firmly charge it home.

So if aright arraigned,
Thy motive plainly seen—his fault he own,
A brother thou hast gained.

'Tis then that joy begins!
Who saves a soul from death, through love, doth veil
A multitude of sins.

But if his perverse will,
Refuse the truth to see, with proud disdain,
Kindly pursue it still,—

And with thee witness take,
A few, whose zeal may serve to move or win,
Or help conviction make,

Then if he heed not ye,
The Church inform, whose sacred prayerful force,
May cause him see.

For christian love, ne'er ill
Wrought to his neighbor or devised his fall—
Or ever can or will.

Deep fixed within the soul,
Of every man, is charity's nice test,
The conscience to control,

And to refuse is sin ;
What we would have our neighbour do to us,
The same we owe to him.

Who act a different part—
Are warned the gospel law of love to learn,
And search the treach'rous heart.

For on this earthly sod,
Who loveth not his brother whom he sees,
Can never love his God !

ONE WINDY NIGHT.

The mighty winds with their terrific voice,
Sweep searching through the avenues of space,
Rousing the silent night with shrinking fear—
Trembling beneath the mystery of their power.
Here, lashing into fury ocean's waves,
Till life is crushed within the struggle fierce,
There, prone to earth—the agitated earth—
The sinewy forest writhing strongly, bends,
Or hurls the avalanche on slumbering peace !
Then sinful man with timid conscience, finds
Nor hope nor safety save within His hand
Who yields their dreadful force *to purify*.
The mighty, ever omnipresent God,
Whose single voice can call them calmly off,
Though as chased steeds in battle's fierce affray,
To cradle soft, far in the north serene ;
While ransomed earth looks up with glorious smile

LIFE.

Life, soon we part ! thy current flows all sluggish through
my veins,

And palsies every springing hope of good for what remains
The generous thought, no ready act ambitiously fulfils,
But hope deferred, with withering blight, each bud of
promise kills.

I've threaded long the weary maze of thy enticing fold,
And Marah's waters often drank from chalices of gold
Have bent to pluck the fragrant flower decked with its
morning gem,

And keen receiv'd the insidious dart from its all-wound-
ing stem.

'Tis meet we part—I've loved thee long, with too intense
a love,

To prejudice of higher joys alluring from above ;
For thou hast nothing to appease the thirst my spirit fills,
Nor balm to heal, nor skill to cure its complicated ills.

Then mourn I not thy swift decline, with sorrows swollen high ;

They serve from earth to wean my heart, and lift it to the sky.

When *here* repose I seek to find, they gently pierce my side
Admonishing they're wisely sent, a spur as home I guide.

For sure there is a higher bliss, whose germ within the heart

Assures of beauty, truth and love--of hope's perfected part,
Assures the triune emblem bow, that mocks the grasp of time—

A glorious vision ! ever fills eternity sublime !

Oh holy Faith ! this embryo keep unscathed by earth's dull rust,

To bloom in Paradise love's flower—a heaven-recovered trust.

And Thou, whose highest gift is faith—faith in thy suffering Son,

In life—in death—eternally “ thy holy will be done !”

ON HEARING BIRDS SING.

From sweet sleep refreshed they spring,
Mounted high on joyful wing,
Love's glad carol hear them sing ;
Earth's low joys beneath them lie,
Unheeded by their raptured eye,
Piercing the bright, the deep blue sky !

Oh my soul ! thy lesson win—
Soar aloft to honor him,
And to sound God's praise begin.
Far above the world be seen,
Unruffled by its passing dream—
In glory clad, with peaceful mein.

Then like them thou'l't pass a way,
Not waiting for the gloomy day,
Nor with the slightest wish to stay ;
And when the dismal winter's past,
Hope to love resigned at last,
In bliss, for aye, thy lot be cast.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY;

OR, MAKING THE MOST OF A DANCE.

Sir Roger de Coverly!
Thou quaint old English name,
Which sends the fancy back apace,
'Neath Time's broad arch, to partial trace
The joys, that sprang in thy famed place,
And, onward still, in joyous chase,
 Give England honest fame ;
 Her holidays—
 Her roundelay—
 With merry plays,
 And festive ways,
The heart to cheer,
And make home dear,
 By varied game ;
 And give it life
 For active strife,

As on it roll,
To meet the goal—
Its proper aim.

Sir Roger de Coverly,
Thou rare old English dance—
When thou across the waters sped,
By gallant BARRETT, faithful led,*
'Neath heaven's blue arch wide overspread,
While surging waters music shed,
It was a happy chance!
Thy shiftings bright—
Thy chasings light—
Thy ardent plight,
With feath'ry flight,
Of youth and age,
Of gay and sage,—
With short and tall,
And great and small—
A lesson page
For life's dull age—
And joy to all.

Sir Roger de Coverly,
Thou picturest many things;—
While those can race,
With merry face,
The dance to grace,
Quick take their place,
In lines of light,

All fair to see,
With beauty bright,
('Twixt you and me ;)
Dance, dance, the music rings.
With graceful court'sies proffered right,
The distant corners now unite
In love exchanges, swift and bright
As meteors glancing on the sight,
Or birds with varied wings.
As flames, that towards each other blaze
As light's swift interchanging rays—
Or as th' aurora shifting plays,
Or flying shuttles thread the maze,
Athwart, each partner springs.

Sir Roger de Coverly,
Now comes thy frolic change ;
With love's coquetry, two soon start
As one, in motion hand and heart,
Adown the dance—then sudden part,
And after each the dancers dart

In airy range.

As sheep that follow still in train,
As shadows swift fly o'er the plain,
Or drops pursue descending rain,
Or streamlets sparkle to the main,
With jocund skip,
They lightly trip
A steady pace,
And ardent chase,

To win the place,
The foremost trace,
Nor wonder strange!

Sir Roger de Coverly,
Thou happy dance indeed!
As parted lovers fondly greet,
The leaders at the summit meet,
And, joining hands in union sweet,
(The riddle read)
The arch of love is formed complete—
For those to pass,
Each youth and lass,
As they unite,
And bending light
As osier reed,
A whirlpool fern,
As bees that swarm,
Or snow-wreath storm;
Though here all warm,
From charming speed.

Sir Roger de Coverly,
My song is nearly done!
Who seek delight
I fain invite;
Come see the sight,
All fairy bright,
As through they peep,

And under creep,
 Then forth they run
 Like blossoms shook from off the tree ;
 Like clouds that from a focus flee,
 Or waters struggling to be free,
 With music's soul of blissful glee,
 'Mid choicest fun ;
 Like bubbles dancing on the pool,
 Like sparks from off the blacksmith's tool,
 Or children glad released from school,
 With frolic glee, at 'scaping rule,
 And task well done.
 As birds, whose flutt'ring wings unbind ;
 As feathers loosed before the wind :
 As thoughts escaping from the mind,
 Their fav'rite precincts where to find—
 See, see them run !
 As spreading circles kiss the shore,
 As wanderers hail their home once more,
 With chipper pace
 They win the place,
 A Gilpin race
 That ends the chace
 Where 'twas begun.

* I may err in attributing to Mr Barrett the INTRODUCTION of this all-enchanting dance, as I am inclined to think it the "Virginia Reel"—brought over by our truant fathers. Yet at least praise is his award for having restored to it, its euphonious title and appropriate step.

TO CATHARINE.

A page reserved for me, dear O;
A perishable page,
To trace undying thought upon,
And tender love engage.

To breathe what never may be told,
Though by the heart deep-felt—
The blissful mingling of our souls
In friendship as they make.

As evening's gentle, winning smile
Emerges soft in heaven,
A kindred spirit glanceth forth
To sooth my spirit given.

And when the moon as seraph, floats
O'er night's blue depths serene,
Comes there a thought of one held dear
To bright earth's gloomy scene.

Ah, peerless flower ! thy odour seems, with sainted virtue
blent—

To earth a type of holy joy from yon bright region sent ;
Combining with that purity which man's lost bliss restor'd,
Oh, may I hope to be forgiven if slightly thou'rt adored.

Adored as from His glorious hand whose touch such
beauty breathes—

Who framed the wide mysterious *band* that soul and
sweetness wreathes.

To me thou'st been a joy most pure—a pleasure to the
brim—

And ever may thy breath revive *my gratitude to Him.*

* * * * *

In youth's glad day, when all was bright beyond the tho't
of change,

How joyous to my view you sprang, as on I loved to range
And when my heart, in riper years, knew friendship's
soothing power,

Sweet was the converse, sweet the bliss, within thy
blooming bower.

I loved thee with a lover's warmth, still wore thee near
my heart,

And round my pillow fragrant strewn, my dreams with
thee had part,

Blent with my life thou seemst to have been, a sharer in
its joys,

And dearer, dearer far to me, than all its shining toys.

TO A ROSE.

Gratefully inscribed to MR. MAYNARD, for his frequent solace
of Flowers.

Sweet flower! what memories of the soul, within thy
fragrance lie
Of days, of scenes, of joys, of friends; that life-like have
gone by,
Scenes when the dazzling rays of hope, light o'er my
spirit played,
And friends whose precious truthful love of earth an
Eden made.

Sure thou in paradise didst bloom—these drink thy rosy
hue—
As thy pure incense never cloys, but fresh, enchanting,
true,
Its sweetness lives, when all thy form of loveliness is gone
Waking a chord of tender bliss like music's memory tone

TO MARY.

“ The heart is made too sensitive,
Life's daily ills to bear :
It beats in music—but it beats
Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints—
The bliss for which it pines.
Too much of heaven is in the faith
That such a heart enshrines ! ”
L. E. L.

Oh, child of song and sentiment !
Unlike the world around—
Whose depths of hidden tenderness
None may attempt to sound :

May that bright heaven attract thee,
Capacious as thy claims ;
The *only satisfaction*
Can meet thy spirit's aims !

TO MARY.

Earth's joys are bound with sadness,
And bleed at every pore ;
The blossom and the fruit reveal
Th' unsoundness at the core.

Then plume thy soul's dropt pinions—
Soar upward to the skies,
Where's beauty and effulgence,
With love that never dies !

Oh, Gracious Spirit ! aid her—
Sustain the fainting wings,
Till at life's chrystral portals
She blissful sweetly sings !

The angel choir rejoicing,
Quick catch the gladsome strain ;
And bursts of glorious minstrelsy
Receive thy guardian train !

TO MRS. J. B *****

As on my life has glided
Thy generous friendship still,
Has ever prompt regarded
The sigh of grief or ill.

While oft thy mild face cometh
To shed a peaceful light,
O'er pain's sad wearying hour
Or thoughtful waking night.

Thy moral courage fervent,
The world may not control,
Commanding admiration,
The lustre of the soul.

And though our faiths may differ
Our hearts will still combine,
To walk the fields of Nature
Where love's bright sunbeams shine.

And may their happy influence,
Bring forth the fruit of joy,
To thee, and thine, beloved,
Where pleasures never cloy.

While still my heart will treasure,
The memory of thy love
Though gratitude the token
For me alone to prove !

—o—

IMPROPTU.

As the funeral of Miss S. D*****y was passing.

Yes, born for heaven, short time she bloomed
Here in this darksome vale of tears,
To show what flowers beyond the tomb,
Shall flourish through perennial years !
Yes, sweetest flower, thus early plucked
From life's soon withering, fading tree,
All that is beautiful and pure
Will but be MONITORS of thee.

A SONNET.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, generous friendship ! much to thee I owe—
Crown of my life—a rivulet of joy ;
Wealth, to whose tribute, what a paltry toy !
As on life-long has been thy current's flow,
Yielding broad pleasures, selfish breasts ne'er know,
I sure might praise thee—a most sweet employ—
Rehearse the treasures I from thee enjoy,
Till contemplation wrought a fervent glow :
But ah, my muse ! the task defies thy skill,
Though in my heart a pictured mirror lies,
Of gentle deeds—of tender acts of love,
Which oft the quiet hours with rapture fill.
Yet once exposed, its fractured image flies
While sad I'd mourn the void, as widowed dove.

FOR A VALENTINE.

With a vignette of Doves, drinking from a Fountain, spanned
by a Rainbow.

Just as the sparkling fountains upward rise,
O'er earth's magnetic force towards the skies,
So genius, taste, and love to mortals given,
Exalt the soul to antepast of heaven.
Peace, hope, and joy their influence combine,
Happy the heart where these have made their shrine.

Let man not rashly deem these joys his own,
And banish woman from his heart,—her throne—
Woman's the source of earthly love and she alone !

THE SIGH A ROSE
A REPLY.

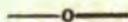
If love divine inflame thy erring breast,
The sigh need never, never be represt.
That sigh high heaven-ward ardent sends the breath,
And reason aids it till the sigh of death.
Ah, why should contest such as thine maintained,
Cause earthly love to triumph unrestrained,
While reason with a heaven-imparted voice
Condemns that love, and bids thee fix thy choice
On Him, whose love immeasureably dear,
Died for thy life, repressing every fear.
Ah, yes ! and when all earthly love has passed away,
That love shall flourish bright through Eden's blissful day.

THE BOY.

On reading the anecdote of WALTER SCOTT's first evidence of genius to his mother. He was gazing at a thunder-cloud—his mother called—he did not heed, but gave his apology for disobedience, in a few pencilled verses, which his delighted mother treasured as the first ray of hope for her child, till then esteemed a dullard.

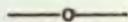
The boy looks up, his spirit's in the clouds,
Nor earthly call he heeds, his Father speaks,
And immortality within his soul
Electric kindling drinks his spirit up.
He listens and he feels ! and seems that cloud,
Majestic rolling o'er his thought-raised brow,
An image of himself. So in its rise,
Leaden and joyless, no bright promise beams,
Save when the sudden transient gleam reveals
Its inward treasures to the observant eye !
But when the zenith's gained, what glory bursts
In fearful splendor o'er a gazing world,
Confounding by its power man's finite sight
And light and darkness vivid picturing forth,

While noxious herding vapors scattered fly
Sent with a force that thunders on the ear,
And quails the dazzled searcher's curious ken
Bidding the trembling soul its conscience scan?



IN AN ALBUM.

This book may chronicle, I too have been
Within the charm of thy bright social home,
And dead this heart must be, and moist eye dim,
Ere I forget thee, whereso'er I roam.



TO DREAM ON.

Dream of life's best treasures,
And may the dream prove true;
And ever through life's wilderness,
Fresh roses bloom for you.

VALENTINE.

Love has many whims, they say,
A roguish lad and full of play,
Ne'er content with quiet ease
Cannot choose but loves to tease.
An aid in woman now he'll find
Shafts to whet and shafts to bind ;
Teaching where to send them best ;
Ere this leap year sink to rest
Right through Berlin's heart send one,

Eright eyed glances bear it on ;
Ere the wound has time to heal,
Reach another will make him feel
Love has power to wound and bless,
In woman is found love's tenderness,
Never then slight her *best redress.*

AUTUMN.

Saugerties ! West-Point ! ye are names that bear
A charmed spell, my lingering fancy fills—
The burning glory shot upon your hills—
The dolphin changes of your dying year,
God's *splendid unction* poured out, wide and near !
What a deep tone its silence soft instils,
As streaming down it bathes the soul it thrills—
The *mystery of death*, entrancing ~~here~~.
Why round earth's fading couch does Beauty wreath
Such mingling graces—such luxuriant charms ?
Light's emblem-twine encircling her clear brow !
Does not the *Type* a hopeful language breathe ?
Life's glowing embryo Spring, emerged, pale death dis-
arms,
To lure through his cold bourn, my soul, such brilliant
show !

APOSTOLICÆ ECCLESIA.

Awaken, oh Zion ! arise in thy beauty,
Put on thy glad vestments, *bright Joy of the earth!*
Look forth as the morning,
The day is fast dawning,
When thou of thy travail, shall view a new birth.

Night's shadows lay o'er thee, night's shadows so dreary,
Thy form and thy comeliness might not be seen,
But light is soft streaming,
The day star is beaming,
Arise in thy beauty, O earth's brightest Queen.

See, see, they are coming, in crowds they are coming,
To win thy bright summits, how ardent they strain ;
The dark valley leaving,
Where's sorrow and grieving,
To dwell with her loveliness—Light of the main.

Then spread thy fair bosom, abundantly swelling,
To lure from destruction the souls on its brink ;

Urge them fly to the mountain—
The sin-cleansing fountain,
Where's safety and life, or alas ! they must sink !

For thou art replenished with all things delightful,
Man's sorrows to heal, and his spirits to cheer—
With thee is full measure,
The life-giving treasure,
Which received in heart-faith brings eternity here.

Then arise in thy splendor—arise in thy glory !
Thou star of time's ocean, bright halo o'er earth ;
The Bridegroom is cheering,
The glad hour fast nearing,
When *Nations shall yield with blest joy to thy birth!*

—o—

IN THE ALBUM OF A PUPIL.

May joys, sweet smiling friend, thy steps bestrew,
Such as thy friend and guardian best may deem ;
For oft in rugged ways spring those most true,
And bloom for heaven, where dearth and darkness seem.

THE SILVAN WATER.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

ay
Lie me not there ! Oh, 'tis too gloomy, far—
Of fearful beauty is that lonely dell,
Which the bruised heart of man had better shun,
For there temptation lurks, the spirit's worst,
At grief's deep-sinking hour : and ah, I pray,
Who seeks thy haunts, false hope, in quest of peace,
His ministering angel may be near,
And mild Religion, with her heaven-lit brow,
To soothe the mourner—radiate the scene,
For Melancholy, lonely maid, shall come
With pallid gleaming face, to woo thy shades ;
And listless loose her tresses dank, and bare
Her pent up bosom to the cooling breeze,
And hold communion with the silent dead,
And pine with thoughts that prey upon the soul—
Her fancy listening with unearthy joy,

To the wild music of the midnight wind—
Chanting its dirge funereal, high, among
The sombre-waving, mournful-sobbing trees ;
While Madness from the thicket, glaring round,
Mysterious beckons with a solemn awe,
To fancy-conjured spirits to attend,
And stealthy follow on—a naked search—
The trackless mazes of his wildered brain.

While at the dismal ghost-awaking hour,
Is heard the sudden *plunge*—the hills attest
And solemn toll upon the ear of time !
Morbid Despair's long brooded, fearful act,
That shuts life's portal—ah, to enter where ?
While darting through the shrouded gloom, aghast,
Dire Tragedy, her garments streaming blood,
And agony's cold sweat at every pore,
Pierces the stillness with her horrid shriek,
That holds life's current [stagnant at its source—
A chilly horror creeping through the veins !
~~Let~~ me not there !

But on the green hill side,
Where first delightful morn opes her bright eye,
Darting sweet sunshine from each happy glance,
Where the gay breezes from their billowy sleep,
Romp with the melody-awaking trees,
Shaking the diamonds from the sparkling grass.
The clover rousing from its balmy rest—
Searching the shady nooks for flowrets coy,

To wast their perfume on the wing-fanned air ;
 Where early Industry its matins pours,
 And brisk young Exercise rejoicing halts—
 There let me lie !

Where Noon reposes calm,
 'Neath emerald canopy, her choral hymn,
 Grateful for shelter from all-scorching heat,
 Disposing genial to the joy of rest,
 And charm of holy thought, the type can trace.
 And where, as day's glad close all welcome comes,
 Fond mutual Love seek the soft shade ~~and~~ chaste, ~~most~~
 Unconscious childhood happy gambol near,
 And infant innocence upon my turf,
 Confiding pillow its life-blooming cheek,
 Its golden tresses twining with the grass ;
 While ardent Piety its blessing breathes—
 A double benison its gracious gift.

And where my ashes lie, to mark the spot,
 A simple cross be seen, my sign of hope,
 And token of my pain-accompanied life ;
 With one wild rose to c'asp with martyr grace,
 And breathe a language from my silent tomb—
 A sacred hist'ry to the eye of faith !
 A glowing fire from every petal heart*
 A burning blush, for every bleeding wound
 Its constant fragrance a "Remember Me,"
 Till He, the Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Whose emblem form its shining disc unfolds.
 Yes, Mentor Rose ! breathe fervent when I'm dead ;

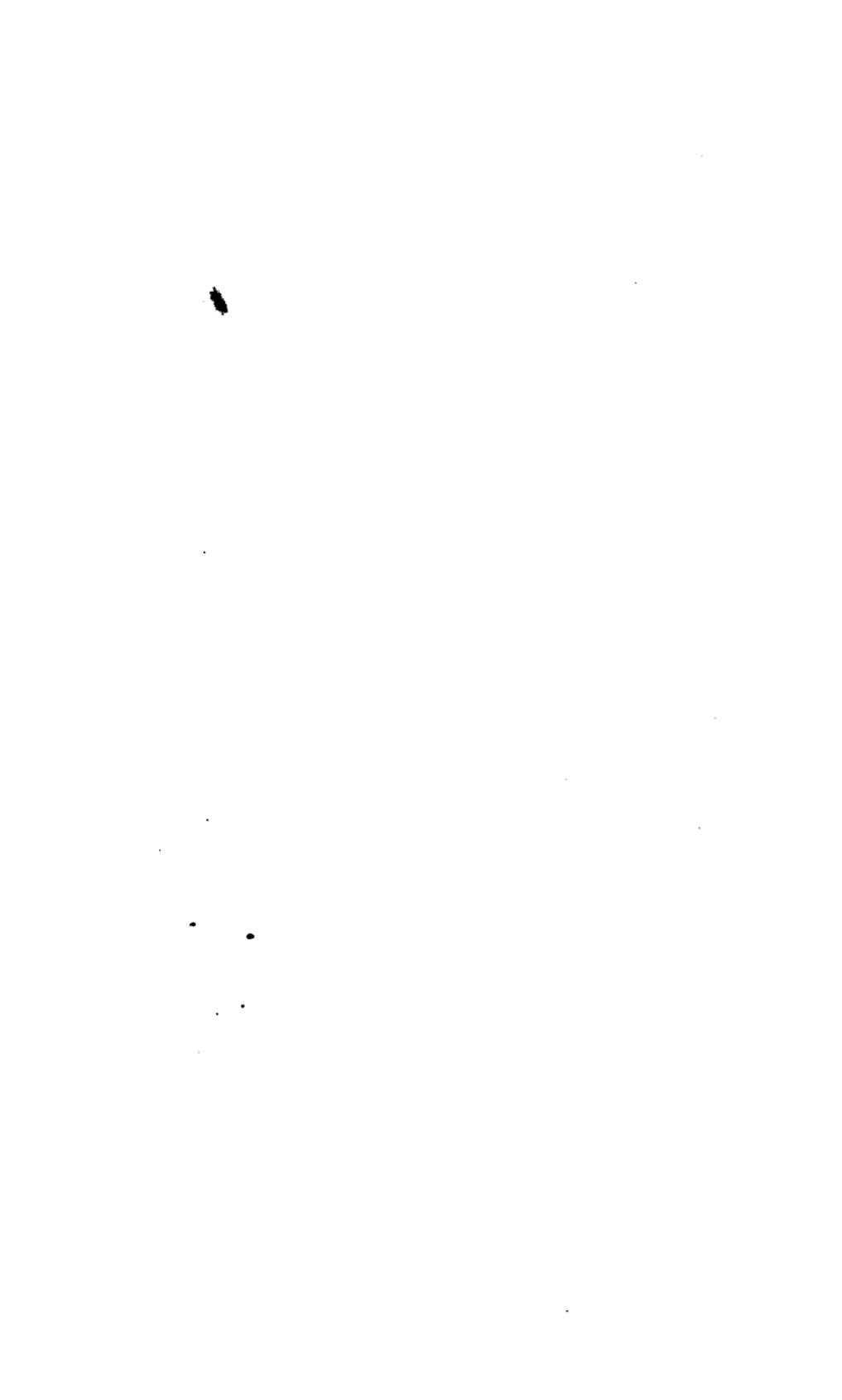
* The corolla of the rose has properly but five leaves.

precious

And ~~snowy~~ Cross, thy silent vesper raise
The last fond glances of day's glorious orb
Casting thy shadow o'er my quiet grave,
To sanctify and bless—dispersing ill ;
While silvery Twilight from her purple urn
Pours balmy tears, and the ethereal Moon
In solemn beauty sheds her pensive rays,
There in their own celestial halo bright
May guardian angels ever hov'ring near
Fold their soft pinions (what a blissful thought !)
Shelt'ring my grave, as sweetly they converse
(The charmed night list'ning) of *Redeeming Love*.
There, dust to dust, sacred, my body lie—
To meekly wait the Resurrection Morn !



B.F. ✓



1991

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

AUG 2002

Preservation Technology

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

